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APRIL 1, 1967

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND

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BERT STERN

COVER: Introducing the little brown dress—you're going to be seeing a lot of it this summer, this issue. For openers: a two-piece linen with a little raglan-sleeved overblouse and a dirndl skirt. . . . Makeup for all the browns in the world—an eye-opening touch of Ultima II Patina Lemon eye shadow under the brow, and on the mouth a spark of Blazer Pink, one of a new series of lipsticks called The Beautiful Blazers; more about them, page 156. All by Revlon. . . . Moygashel linen dress by Charles Cooper for Cooper-Couture. About $90. K.J.L. earrings. Bracelets: Sant Angelo for Vendôme. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Halle Bros.; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus; Frederick & Nelson.

FASHION

113 Vogue's eye view
114 Journey to the light—sun-country fashion photographed in Libya
120 Never-out-of-season clothes—the knit coat with its own dress; little pale wools and crêpe; floaty black chiffon; the pantaloon-dress in silk jersey
128 The little brown dress—this season's fashion Ford, day and evening
148 The great American customs—made-to-order clothes by Leslie Morris and Sophie
152 Bright blow-up of Roman stripes from Scaasi and Mila Schön
154 Roman-striped coats from Norell
156 The beautiful trailblazers—new looks for evening, new lipsticks to wear with them
162 Galanos—day and evening looks from his new collection
166 The Spring Collections in Italy
174 The Spanish Collections—Pertegaz and Berhanyer
176 New flicks of bareness from Paris
188 Vogue's Own Boutique of Suggestions, Finds, and Observations

FEATURES/ARTICLES/PEOPLE

82 East of New York, South of Madrid, Down to Kenya. By Fergus Reid Buckley
140 People Are Talking About . . . Thomas Hoving
142 China. By Elizinha Moreira Salles
144 Greece. By Dolly Goulandris
145 Mexico. By Marie-Pierre De Cicco
146 Uzbek. By Mary Harari
146 Africa—Safari. By Candice Bergen
158 "No. 15." By Jackson Pollock
160 Jackson Pollock. By Clement Greenberg

FASHIONS IN LIVING

182 "A Garden of the Heart." By Valentine Lawford. Photographed by Horst
194 Vogue's Decorating Finds and Ideas

BEAUTY

20 Beauty Checkout: the spa that came in from the cold
178 Beauty Bulletin: I Spa—ideas to steal from a spa visit

DEPARTMENTS

88 Vogue's Notebook: In London, in Dallas, in San Francisco
93 Vogue's Notebook: Theatre. By Anthony West
94 Vogue's Notebook: Theatre. By Barbara Long
95 Vogue's Notebook: Movies. By Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.
96 Vogue's Notebook: Books. By Albert Goldman
111 Men in Vogue . . . Notes, Quotes, and Votes
198 Vogue's Shop Hound
204 Vogue's Travelog
206 Vogue's School and Camp Directory

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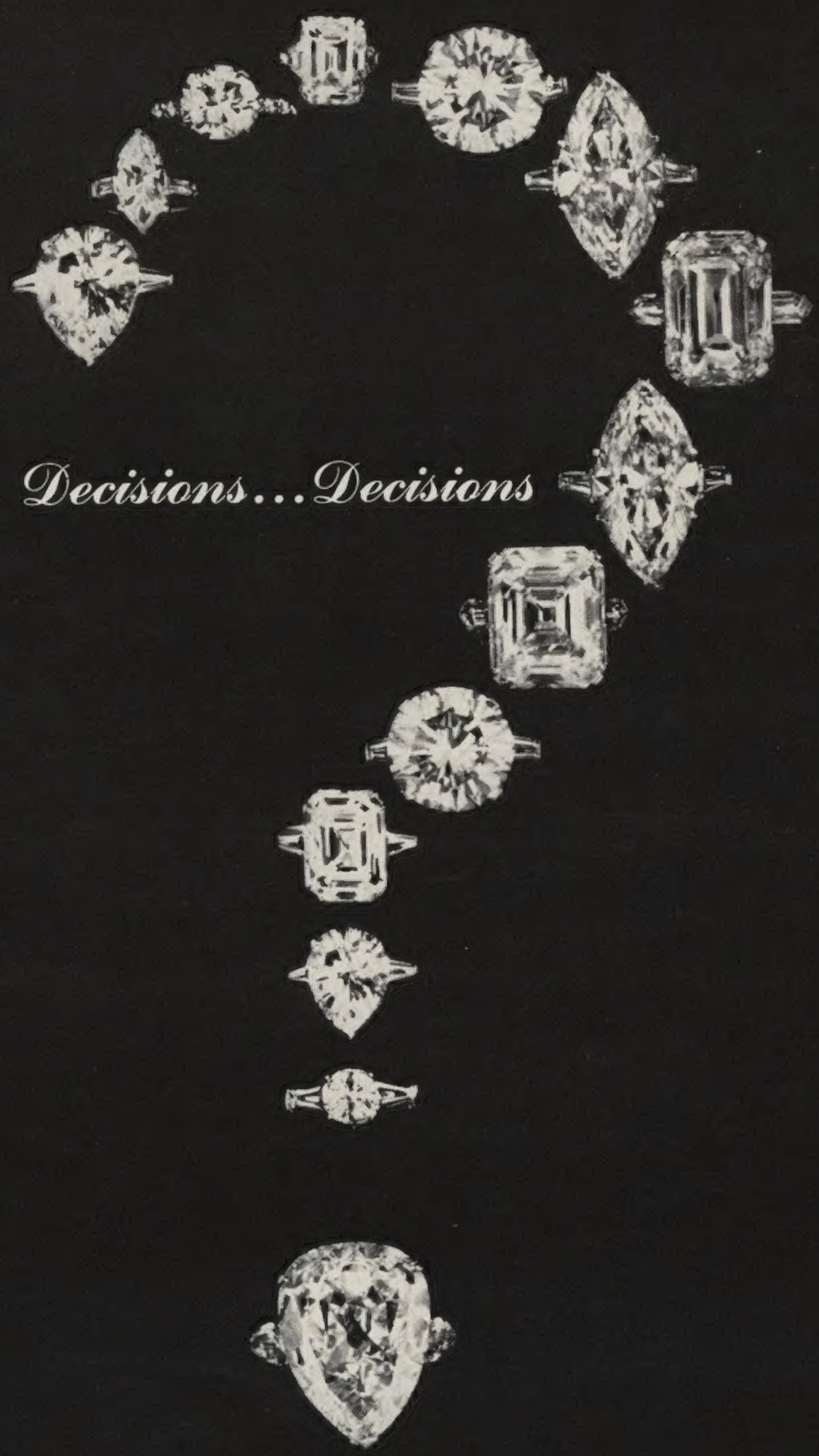


If it weren't for Wragge
I wouldn't know what to wear.

Here, Stock Market: a two part B. H. Wragge report in Irish linen at Bonwit Teller, all stores.

VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

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The Idea of a Wardrobe of Faces.

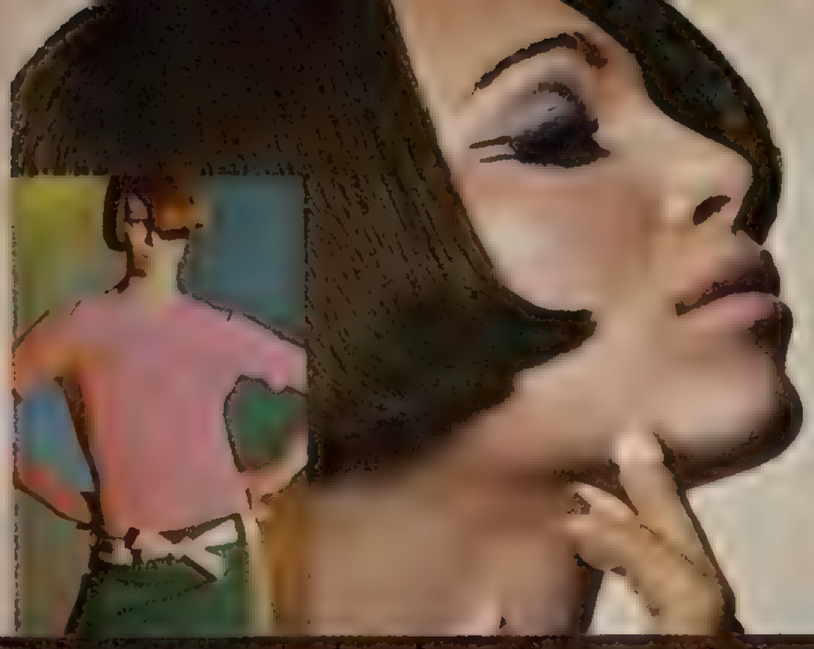
A face for every fashion. Coty introduced it the night of the American Fashion Critics' Awards. To go with the originals by every award-winning



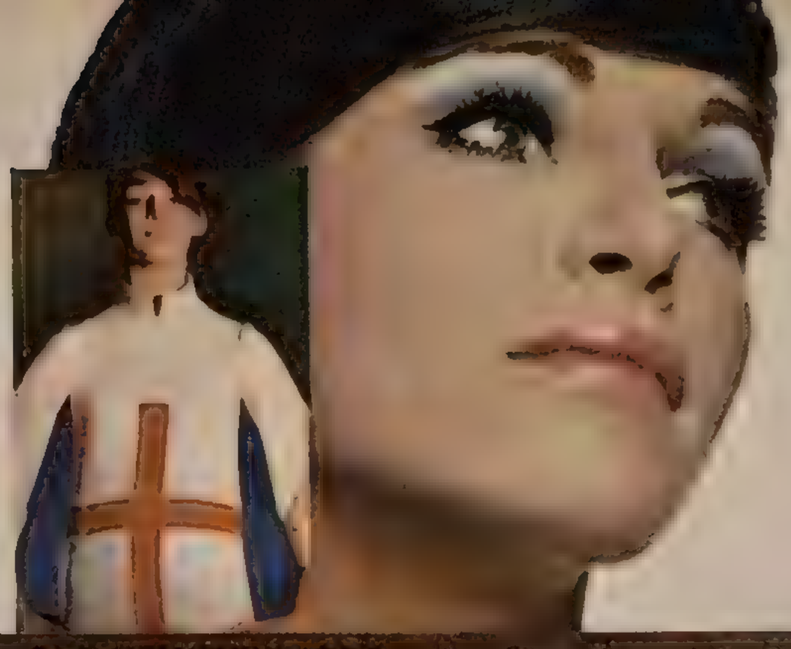
designer from Gernreich to Galanos, we needed
a fantastically versatile make-up. So we created it.
Now turn the page and let's get down to faces.



THE POLISHED FACES... for sport things, kicky looks. Shown with fashions by Gernreich. Slip into our sleek-making Liquid Foundation.



That's it. To go gleamier, add cream blusher from the dual kit (gives you two kinds of glows). Wear with innocent or turned-on eyes.



THE VELVETY FACES... for the elegant looks. Shown with a Beene and a Dominic. Same Foundation dusted with Translucent Matte Fin-

Here's how you can have a whole wardrobe of faces with New "Coty Originals"

COTY MAKES IT EASY. Now from one coordinated group of complexion and eye-makers you get a fabulous face to go with every kind of fashion.

START WITH JUST THREE BASICS. Our flawless Liquid Foundation alone gives you the polished look. Dust Translucent Matte Finisher over the Foundation and you've got a velvety face. Translucent Jeweled Finisher over the same Foundation gives you a dazzling evening face. It's that simple to get all the basic complexion looks.

VARY LOOKS WITH COTY ORIGINALS CHANGEMAKERS. Blushers. Shapers. And a batch of marvelous new eye-makers. Like our exclusive Eyebrow Make-up. And our Iced Shadow Powder in 9 delicious shades (one's a wild Wild Plum). And our non-smear Liquid Eye Liner. And our night-moth lashes, double-fluttered, with detachable Glitter Strips. And that's not all.

But see for yourself. Go play. Dab away. Try on all the new Coty Originals and see what a lovely wardrobe of faces you'll come up with. At the Coty counter of drug and department stores. Coty Originals 1.50-3.00. Lashes 6.00 and 8.50.

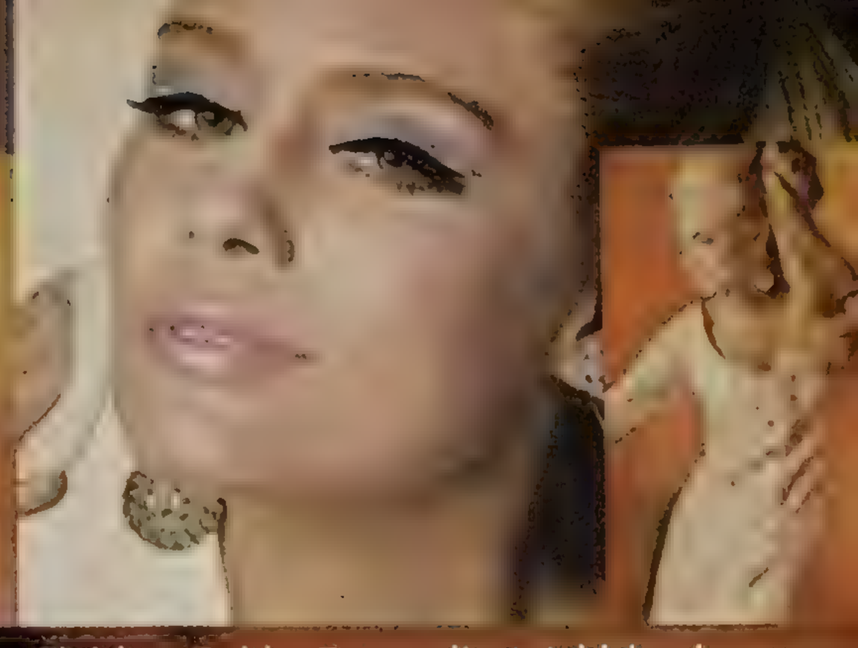




isher. The powder blusher adds to the velvety bloom. Great with go-deeper eyes (try Snow Pearl Iced Shadow Powder on the brow bone).



THE JEWELED FACES... for gala night looks. Shown with a Beene and a Dominic. Liquid Foundation plus a pouf-on of Translucent Jeweled



Finisher (Gold or Tourmaline). Add dazzle eyes: everything from "No-Brow" Eyebrow Make-up to Evening Lashes with Glitter Strips.



Here's our jeweled face close-up. See why shimmery dance-all-night girls won't go out without it! Shown here with sequinned evening dress from Geoffrey Beene's collection.

*Dominic for Matty Talmack

The Art of McCarty: The city-block plaid—in a cool, calm crinkle of Dacron® polyester and cotton. The jacket a suave rectangle with mock flap pockets—the skirt, single-lane slim. In white blocked-off and underbloused with black, butterscotch or cocoa. 8 to 18 sizes. About 45.00.

Best & Co.
New York

Lazarus
Columbus



Justin McCarty

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

April 1

The spa that came in from the cold

A woman could love a little Greenhouse. The beauty spa of that name, near Dallas (see page 178, this issue), slips into one's life creamily. What you do is pack up your troubles in your old Vuitton bag, include a bathing suit, a pair of sandals, a few djellabas or whatever you wear at home for dinner, and from then on, for a week or more (and a week is the minimum stay allowable), do as your daily schedule says you're to do. Sunday evening is checking-in time. Thirty-five women is the maximum guestload; women of all age brackets, from all over the lot. . . . Whence, specifically, do the guests come? Judging by the special drawl with which they handle the mother tongue, about half are Texans, while the rest represent The Colonies and such—Massachusetts, Connecticut, Virginia, New York. What brings them Greenhouseward? Some for rest, for pampering (no better place for it). Some, simply because they like Greenhousing (one woman has just logged her sixth visit since the opening in late autumn, 1965). But most women go to The Greenhouse to put their looks into professional hands, and to be dazzled by what can result. . . . Playing Observer one week recently, we observed the following. One woman on the second leg toward utter magnificence of looks—she'd done a two-week stay earlier, had lost a batch of pounds, and was now back for the final brush-up course. Three young women in their early and glowing twenties—one determined to give up smoking, one getting back into shape after the latest baby, one enjoying the Christmas present of "a week away from the family, whenever you can get away," given by an adoring parent. Two women in their seventies. One woman, maybe on the brink of her fifties, who swore she'd come for two weeks to learn to put on eyeliner if it killed her (later on, in the confidential confines of the sauna, she proved to be an authentically-signed piece by the great Houston surgical team, DeBakey and Cooley, who had replaced for her several important yards of arteries in the interest of extending a life that struck us, in its unfailing warmth and cheerfulness, as a life infinitely worth extending). But the general motivation seemed to be hips that needed reduction, abdomens that needed more tone, bodies that needed tightening, and a few complexions which, in their forties, had become unaccountably unruly. . . . Most of the guests avoided fixed clique-ing; most struggled valiantly to duck the conversational cul de sacs of spas (My Diet and My Hips); most guests observed the rules (in the U. S. of A., the term spa is usually a contradiction in terms—spas are *dry*); and almost everyone ended her stay in a high state of triumph. . . . What did they *fuss* about? At first, some complained they found their heads reeling at exercise time (in which case, they were told to rest a few minutes, then get back to business). On the second or third day, some reported they'd experienced a curious physical sensation during the night—a sort of itch-tickle—now a tickly toe, now an itchy nose, now something attacking the flank (explanation: it was nothing but the peripheral circulation waking up again—a response to the massage, exercise, Whirlpool-bath stimulation). And, as the week progressed, some found they needed more time for spot-reduction, less time for skin, or vice versa (and so their schedules were readjusted). . . . What goes on all day at The Greenhouse is beautification. What goes on at night is a program of general edification re fashion, wines, jewels, movies. But what goes on on Thursday nights you wouldn't believe. Thursday night is shopping night at Neiman-Marcus in Dallas, and the whole of Thursday galvanizes itself toward this event. (One woman, glancing around the hair salon at the spa, said she thought it had to be Truman Capote's party night all over again—for which, said she, she'd solved her mask problem. "I think I'll wear the little avocado-and-honey number the facial lady gave me as today's treat.") . . . How does one go about going to The Greenhouse? First, you write or telephone for a reservation (Arlington, Texas, is the actual address). When is the best time to go? Any time. The (Continued on page 78)



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Leo Narducci for Guy D[illegible] at home

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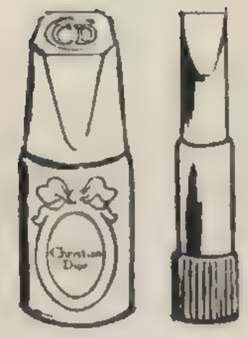
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As you can see below, this year's pattern Spanish Provincial, doesn't look a bit newer than last year's or the year before's.
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And too much respect for your taste to design a razzle-dazzle pattern that will look woefully dated by 1977.

The fact is, we're traditionalists.
Maybe if we weren't, things would be different today. Maybe we'd have nifty chrome and plastic offices in the heart of New York City - instead of our little plant in Newburyport, Mass.
Maybe we'd have big, automated machines to do the craft-work we now do by hand.
That's why our latest pattern isn't Mod Madness. Or Discotheque Deviltry.
Or anything else that's unmistakably 1967.
It's Spanish Provincial.
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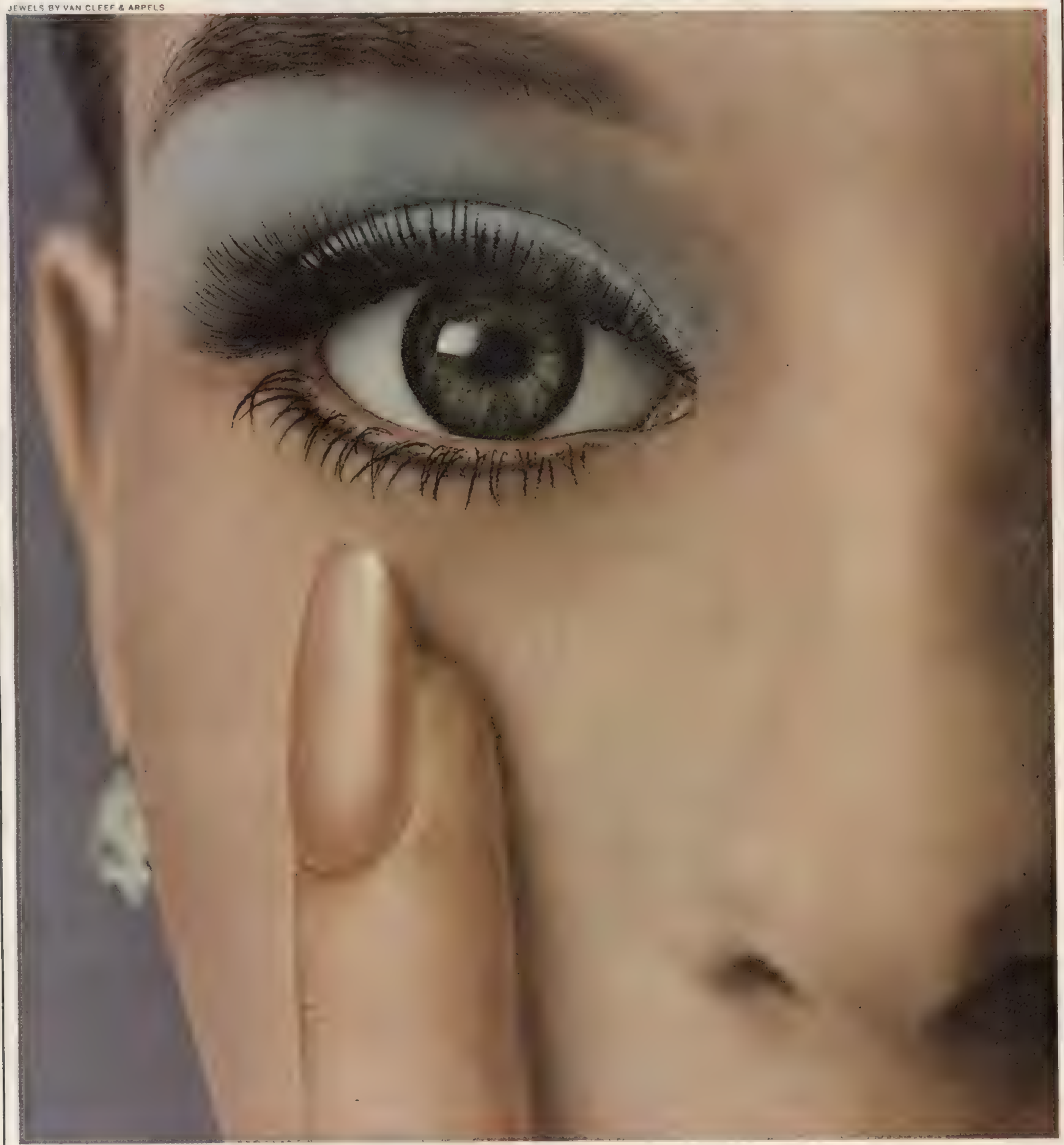


'TOUCH & GLOW' LIQUID MAKEUP

REVLON BEAUTYBREAK 2.

MAXIM-EYES

JEWELS BY VAN CLEEF & ARPELS



How do you grow eyes this size? Fluff on 'Brush-On Eyeshadow.' It's pressed-powder shadow in the world's most eye-widening new colors. Makes eyes look played up, not made up. Twirl on 'Brush-On Mascara.' The clever little spiral-shaped brush discovers lashes other mascaras miss, makes each one count double. That does it. The big new eye-do.

'BRUSH-ON  EYE MAKERS'



Continental
Airlines
The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail

THE STANLEY KORSHAK LOOK

by TEAL TRAINA

jetting cross town
or cross country
in a breeze of
black and white
$190

Stanley korshak
912 North Michigan Avenue • Chicago



behind every OLGA® there really is an Olga

...who smooths the way for you to be **SUDDENLY SLIM.**® It all begins with Olga's own Sheer Magic* Power (a silky smooth Lycra* blend.) From there, *hidden* diamond shaped tummy panels slim and smooth. The effect: seemingly seamless. Perfectly smooth for knits and the new closer fashions. Style 495 in S-to-XL, white or black, 14.00. Complete your faultless line from Olga's **YOUNG SECRET**® bra collection. Style 360 weightless shell cup or style 365 fully padded, 5.00. In classic and fashion shades.

*Lycra® spandex and Sheer Magic® nylon front panels.

Other Suddenly Slim styles from 9.00. Young Secret bras from 4.50. For stores nearest you, write Olga, Department V-47, . P.O. Box 4284, Van Nuys, California 91409

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Conversation-making **FORMALITY** . . . the dazzling glove success that insures an evening of freedom. Eat, sip a cocktail, wear your dinner ring, and be elegantly right. In petal-soft Complexion with loop-the-loop edging. White, antique, black. At all fine stores. Hansen Glove Corp., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Available in U.S. and Canada

The girl: Redhead.
The mood: Dangerously still.
The new look for her lips: Clear! Bright! Lively!

It's a Spring Quake!
And the no mouth is nowhere.
So Clairol sets
two new lipcolors
in motion just for redheads.
There's a vital pink
with a pulse you can feel.
And a freshly halved orange
(still warm from the sun).



Clairol sets off a Spring Quake! of lipcolor.

© Clairol Inc. 1967

The girl: Blonde.
The mood: Controlled excitement.
The new look for her lips: Clear! Bright! Lively!

It's a Spring Quake!
And the no mouth is no more.
So Clairol sets
two new lipcolors
in motion just for blondes.
There's a dew-dazzly peach.
And a lilac bursting
with sunlight.

Peach'n Lively
Lilac'n Lively

Clairol sets off a Spring Quake! of lipcolor.

© Clairol Inc. 1967

The girl: Brunette.
The mood: Quietly explosive.
The new look for her lips: Clear! Bright! Lively!

It's a Spring Quake!
And the no mouth is not for you.
So Clairol sets
two new lipcolors
in motion just for brunettes.
There's a red so ripe it's bitten,
and a honey that's been
stung with a sunbeam.



Clairol sets off a Spring Quake! of lipcolor.

© Clairol Inc. 1967



Celanese brings you the Great Designs of Paris in fabrics of Celanese fibers.

They're here! The marvelous new looks of Paris. The elegant shapes. The soft young feeling. They're the news-making, pace-setting fashions created by Givenchy, Cardin, St. Laurent, Patou and Ricci. And they're here now—reproduced to perfection— in fabrics made magnificent by Celanese fibers.

This page: Left: From PIERRE CARDIN, the column dress in orange—bedazzled with a frieze of beads in halter effect at the neck and at the bodice. Right: Cardin's cluster-beaded cocktail dress in mimosa—beading around neck, square-cut armholes, and hem. Both in crepe of Celanese Acetate and rayon.

Facing page: Left: From GIVENCHY the double-breasted jacket-and-dress costume in navy—sleeveless dress belted with leather at the hip—brass-buttons on jacket and dress. In double knit of Celanese textured Fortrel polyester. Right: Givenchy's crisp white short-sleeved dress—slashed and scarved neckline—slit pockets—belted in leather. In gabardine of Celanese Fortrel polyester and cotton.

The Great Designs of Cardin and Givenchy starred on these two pages are at BLOOMINGDALE'S, New York; BOSTON STORE, Milwaukee; BULLOCK'S-DOWNTOWN, Los Angeles. BULLOCK'S Lakewood, BULLOCK'S Pasadena, BULLOCK'S Westwood, BULLOCK'S Santa Ana, BULLOCK'S San Fernando, Calif.; BURDINE'S, Miami; FILENE'S, Boston; FOLEY'S, Houston; GOLDSMITH'S, Memphis; LAZARUS, Columbus; RIKE'S, Dayton; SANGER-HARRIS, Dallas.

Fashions shown here are $125 to $325.

CELANESE

Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.





More Great Designs of Paris in Fabrics with Celanese fibers.

Facing page: ST. LAURENT: Left: the superbly-cut off-white shirt dress—box-pleated at center front and center back—double-breasted—splashed with a paisley print tie. Right: St. Laurent's smashing new vest look costume—mocha unfitted dress topped by vest-tailored jacket with spread collar—polka-dotted scarf and fake cuffs. Both fashions in crepe of Celanese Acetate and rayon.

This page: (Left) PATOU's fluidly feminine side-paneled dress—in mimosa banded with white. In double-faced crepe of Celanese Arnel triacetate and rayon. (Right) NINA RICCI's pink pearl, bare-backed dress—accented with a bow and flower, full bias cut skirt. In a linen-like fabric of Celanese Acetate and rayon.

The Great designs of St. Laurent, Nina Ricci and Patou starred on these two pages are at BOSTON STORE, Milwaukee, BULLOCK'S-DOWNTOWN, Los Angeles, BULLOCK'S Lakewood, BULLOCK'S Pasadena, BULLOCK'S Westwood, BULLOCK'S Santa Ana, BULLOCK'S San Fernando, Calif.; BURDINE'S, Miami; FILENE'S, Boston; FOLEY'S, Houston; GOLDSMITH'S, Memphis; LAZARUS, Columbus; RIKE'S, Dayton; SANGER-HARRIS, Dallas.

Fashions shown here are $125 to $225.

CELANESE

Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better





©1967 ESTEE LAUDER, INC. PHOTOGRAPH: SKREBNESKI DRESS: CHUCK HOWARD OF TOWNLEY.

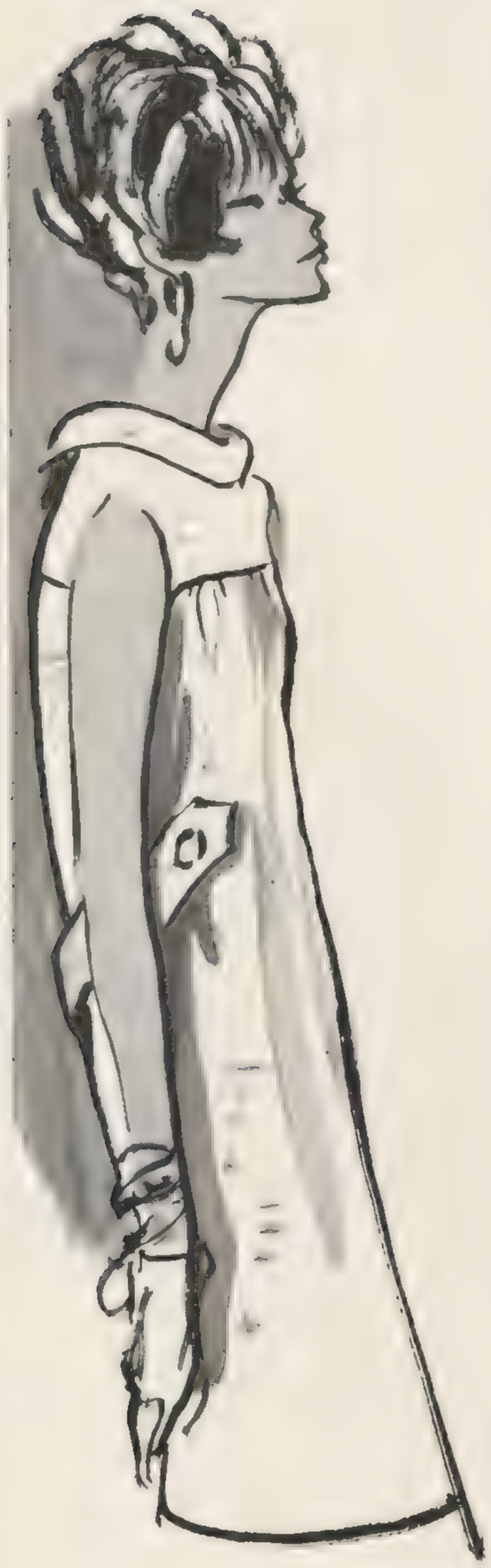
ESTÉE LAUDER CREATES TENDER MAKE-UP BASE… THE NEW LIQUID GLOW-FOR-ALL-SEASONS

Just a few precious drops can give your complexion a natural beauty that's fresh as Spring every day of the year. This flowing, fluent foundation is Estée Lauder's newest formulation. Years ahead of traditional make-ups, it was designed to effect a clear, quick change of face with near-weightless coverage that lets your own skin glow through. Estée Lauder's Tender Make-Up Base comes in six tenderly tinted skin tones—three beiged, three blushed—all wonderful.

Bare Beige	Natural Blush
Sand Beige	Porcelain Blush
Sun Beige	Cameo Blush

Estée Lauder

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ORIGINALS
530 SEVENTH AVENUE
NEW YORK



Linear Silk Linen

Cut on slim, crisp lines... brings to the fashion scene a faultless assurance, a contemporary composure. About $70.

red • pink
gold • ice blue

Lord & Taylor
all stores

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

The importance of the last inch in a foot

The condition of feet, if you think about it, is a sure index to a woman's idea of herself. Of her worth to others. Of her convinced conviction that beauty comes from, and shows—caring. Where does it show most dramatically? In that vital last inch of the foot: the toe. . . . Now—can you stand on your toes? By which we mean, will your toes hold up the rest of your polished perfection? To a shame-footed few, we even dare ask, can you *stand* your toes? Toenails must, of course, be curls of light. Immaculate. Shining. . . . A bit ago, Christian Dior devised a treatment cream to prevent peeling, cracking, splitting of fingernails. Lately Crème Abricot, name of same, has interestingly been receiving quite a whirl with toenails. Massaged on and under the nails nightly, it appears to improve their condition noticeably, without resorting to any of the ingredients that require caution. Like the Dior hand cream, Crème Pour Les Mains, Crème Abricot has found a thirsty market dans les pieds. And why wouldn't it? . . . All Bonwit Tellers.

New light in the works for hair

In addition to white plates and cups, the cool kindliness of sheets, the rough kiss of blankets, and grainy wood, Rupert Brooke long ago observed in his poem, *The Great Lover*, that he was a great lover of "live hair . . . shining and free." And today hair that fits that description is suddenly the only kind of hair that participants in The Great Debate about hair firmly agree upon. Whatever its length or its state of curl or no-curl, however many hairpieces embellish it, hair, it is universally insisted, must shine. Shine, shine. Like the shining woman beneath it, the gleamer, the preener, the sheener of 1967.... Which makes particularly timely the unveiling of Helena Rubinstein's new galaxy of shiners, a splendid assemblage of hair caretakers entitled Silk Sheen. Ten in all, they have in mind every type of hair, every person in any family. Four Silk Sheen shampoos, three with protein, take into account normal hair, brittle hair, coloured hair, excessively oily, flaky hair. There's a one-minute protein hair conditioner (liquid), and a 20-minute hair conditioner (cream). A rich cream rinse for hair that snarls and acts up (example: children's). A body-adding setting gel. Two hair sprays. A bevy of hair-sleekers that we expect to see the results of on heads at the likes of the Cheetah, where people who like light-works gather. . . .

the Juliet Chemise

Juliet's chemise of Tafredda® is made of a glorious blend of Monsanto® nylon and polyester edged in Alençon stretch lace of nylon and Lycra®. In apricot, ivory, aqua, coral, maize, hot pink, black or white. Sizes 30-36. About $11. This and other fine FISCHER styles in a selection of woven-forever fabrics by Registered can be found at all the fine stores listed below. Or write to Fischer & Co., 136 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016 and we shall tell you where to buy this pretty.

NYLON Monsanto

Albany, N. Y.
HONIGSBAUM'S
Atlanta, Ga.
RICH'S
Baltimore, Md.
HUTZLER BROTHERS
Birmingham, Ala.
LINGERIE SHOP
Boston, Mass.
W. FILENE'S SONS, CO.
Buffalo, N. Y.
M. E. THIELL
Southern Calif.
ALL BULLOCKS STORES
Chicago, Ill.
CHAS. A. STEVENS CO.
Cincinnati, Ohio
H. & S. POGUE CO.
Cleveland, Ohio
THE HALLE BROS. CO.
Columbus, Ohio
F & R LAZARUS CO.
Denver, Colo.
NEUSTETER CO.
Detroit, Mich.
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Harrisburg, Pa.
MARY SACHS, INC.
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WOOLF BROS., INC.
Little Rock, Ark.
M. M. COHN CO.
Louisville, Ky.
THE STEWART DRY GOODS CO.
Memphis, Tenn.
TROUSSEAU SHOP
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BURDINE'S
Michigan
JACOBSON'S
Midland, Texas
GRAMMER-MURPHEY
Milwaukee, Wisc.
T. A. CHAPMAN CO.
Minneapolis, Minn.
DAYTON CO.
Nashville, Tenn.
RICH, SCHWARTZ & JOSEPH, INC.
New York, N. Y.
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CARRIAGE SHOP
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Providence, R.I.
MRS. ROBINSON'S
Rochester, N. Y.
B. FORMAN CO.
Rockford, Ill.
D. J. STEWART & CO.
San Antonio, Texas
FROST BROS.
Seattle, Wash.
BESTS APPAREL
Spokane, Wash.
THE CRESCENT
St. Louis, Mo.
STIX, BAER & FULLER CO.
Syracuse, N. Y.
HELMER, INC.
Toledo, Ohio
ROCHELLE'S
Washington, D.C.
JULIUS GARFINCKEL & CO.

the Juliet Chemise

(Wouldn't it be a tragedy not to have one?)

Come young thing. Be Juliet, if you wish. You can you know, in TAFREDDA®, one of the woven-forever fabrics from Registered. All lustre. And lightness. And long ago it is. And the most glorious to wear taffeta since moonbeams on a balcony. That's why FISCHER chooses it. And shapes it gently and gracefully with a here and there fluttering of Alençon lace.

Wash it at will. And worry not. Tafredda goes on and on and on. Like boys and girls forever.

Oh my, isn't Registered romantic?

REGISTERED FABRICS CORP.
475 Fifth Avenue, New York City 17

Otani



Howard Fox shoes, about $32.00, at: Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; May Shoe Company, Charleston; O'Connor & Goldberg Bootery, Chicago.

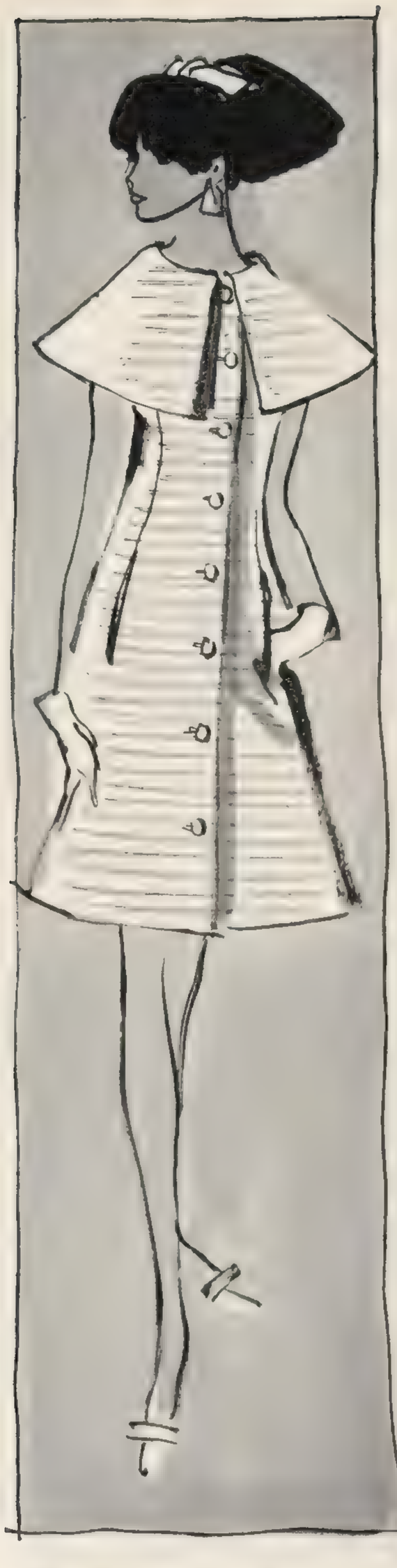
*Du Pont's registered trademark for its man-made poromeric

Wow White,
just look at you.
All gleamy
and great looking
and groomed to
just wipe and whisk
through any weather,
every climate. In
D'Antonio's jaunty looks.
You're the gamest.
You're
Shining Corfam.

CORFAM®

D'Antonio shoes, about $30.00, at: Jordan Marsh, Miami; Woolf Bros. Co., Kansas City; Dreyfuss & Son, Dallas;. Denver Dry Goods, Denver; Makoff, Salt Lake City, Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Robinson's, California.

Better Things for Better Living..., *through Chemistry* DU PONT



MIGUEL DORIAN *fashions for the young romantics — a new princess silhouette caped with a pristine collar. In cotton and Arnel ottoman. White or lemon. About $70. Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles; Sandra Post of Florida, Bal Harbour; Bramson, Chicago; Sakowitz, Houston; Best's Apparel, Seattle, Tacoma, Northgate; Nicholas Ungar, Portland.*

Moe Nathan

530 Seventh Ave., N.Y.C.

Lingerie: Pale dots and pungent plaids



Dots with a dash of lace, above: White dotted-pale-blue brassière with crisp white lace edges, blue-ribbon beading, and the lightest of padding . . . matching bikini pantie. By Henson Kickernick. Brassière, $6. Brief, $3.50. Both are made of knitted nylon. At Altman's; Godchaux's; Bullock's, Downtown.

Pink polka dots, below, for a lightly padded brassière and the panel of a leggy pantie girdle. Beverly Vogue (no connection with Vogue magazine). Dacron-and-cotton brassière with Kodel fiberfill, Lycra power-net back. $5. Pantie girdle of power net, Dacron-and-cotton panel. $9. Young Elite Shop, at Saks Fifth Avenue.





The plaid to go under knits, right: lightly padded brassière in pink-and-orange plaid with no visible seaming . . . and a matching garter belt with a reinforced panel in front. Brassière, of nylon tricot with polyester fiberfill and a Lycra power net back. $5. Garter belt of nylon-and-Lycra power net. $6. At Lord & Taylor; D. H. Holmes; Joseph Magnin. Coiffures, this page, by Lupe.

PENATI



Silk: For the motion to it. Flowing freeing fluid. Phenomenal. At Saks Fifth Avenue.
International Silk Association, 185 Madison Avenue, New York 10016

COUTURE BY PIERRE HENRI OF SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



Beauty is there...waiting.

The woman who is deliberately

Why settle for pretty when beauty's there...waiting for the moment you discover L'Oreal Colours, and the fascinating magic they hold for hair, face and fingertips!

Here are colors to shimmer through candlelight...colors that confess their sparkle to the sun...colors that flirt, enchant, that know they're being noticed. Colors that never existed before L'Oreal took a thoroughly Parisian approach in the creation of totally coordinated hair color and cosmetics.

L'Oreal Colours bring a radiance of their own to your hair, leave it silken, soft, with color that's always precise, always natural. Go on from there to achieve total loveliness with the matching elegance of L'Oreal facial cosmetics, the intriguing color-play of L'Oreal nail enamels and lipsticks.

From today on, be impatient with hair color and cosmetics that make you look the way you always have. Discover yourself in the glowing, original world of L'Oreal Colour and become beautiful...deliberately.

NOW MADE IN THE UNITED STATES
FROM THE FORMULAS OF

L'ORÉAL®
OF PARIS

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beautiful relies on L'Oréal Colour...relies on her salon.



ARNEL is if you catch the Cannonball you're glad your dress is made of it because you won't be mussed when you get to Easthampton.



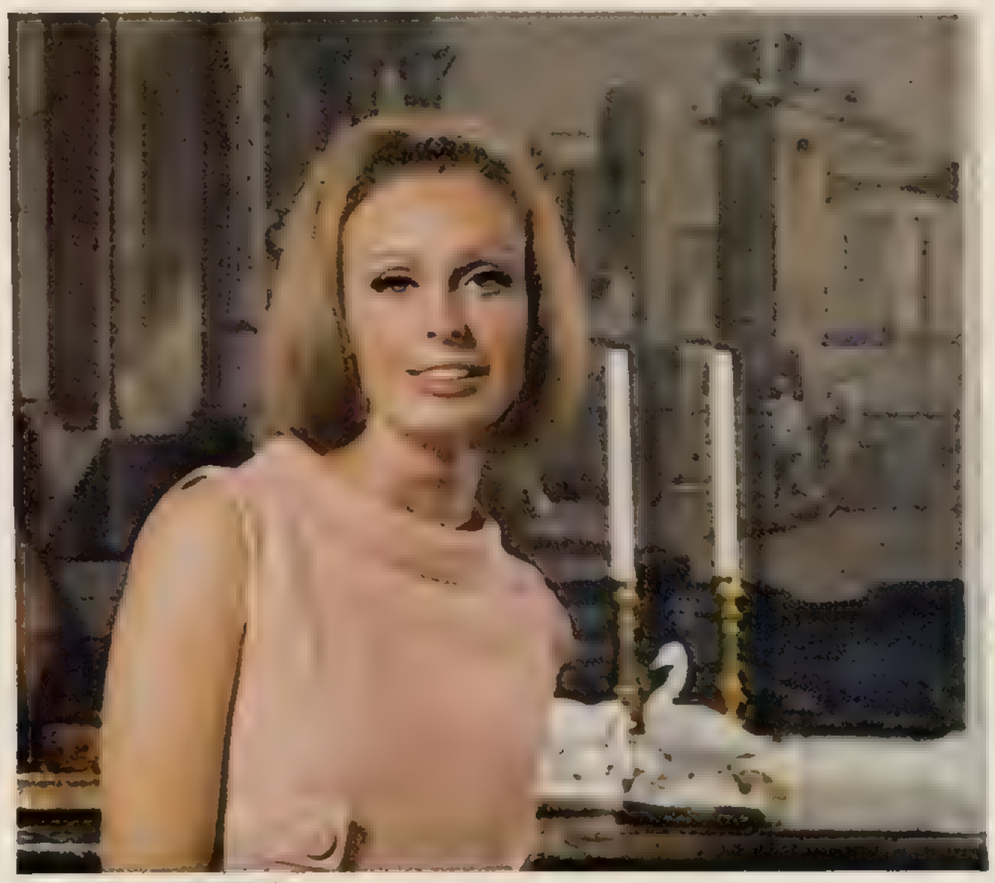


L'Aiglon creates the "I-know-where-I'm-going" dress. It goes off for a weekend without a wrinkle. It's Arnel. So it's a washable, easy-to-live-with traveler. Renoir's crepe of Arnel triacetate and Fortrel polyester. 8-18. Green, pink, blue with white print. About $23. At Lord & Taylor, New York; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Robinson's, Los Angeles.

Celanese® Arnel® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

CELANESE ARNEL THE LUXURY FIBER

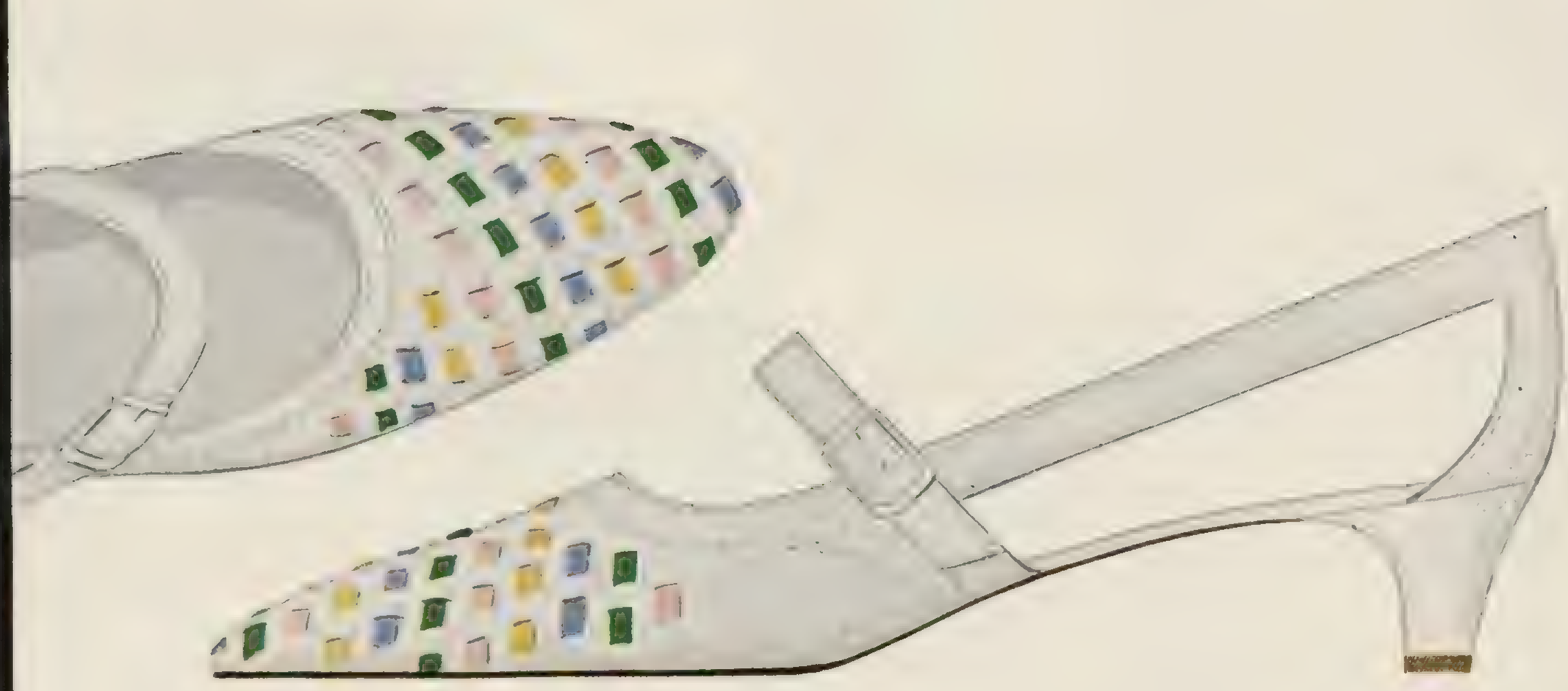
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CHUCK HOWARD FOR TOWNLEY

"My kind of shoe"

Those way-out creations of the French couturiers fascinate me. But I depend on more traditional styles with an occasional way-out touch. Air Step is my kind of shoe . . . with that wonderful walking-on-Air Step feeling.



Bands of color weave in and out through soft textured kid, and airy, open sides let you catch the new warm breeze. Start this season in multi-colors against white; also available against bone. Air Step shoes are priced from $14 to $20. Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY BROWN SHOE COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., ONTARIO.

Air Step®

BROWN

QUALITY AT YOUR FEET.

LEATHER BOTTOMS TO UPPERS

THE
FIGURE
YOU
WANT
IS IN EVERY
PETER PAN® SWIMSUIT
OF NYLON & ORLON®



*DU PONT'S REG. T.M. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN FLORIDA AND THE WEST.

Peter Pan's exclusive "Custom Cup"™ Swim Bra combines world-famous Hidden Treasure® and Natural Treasure™ bras. The first self-adjusting bra in a swimsuit. Fits the way you want it to, whether you're A, B, C, or in-between. A great example: our terrific "Band Dandy" designed by Oleg Cassini. At these stores and branches: B. Altman & Co., New York; Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Shillito's, Cincinnati; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C. The figure you want is in every Peter Pan swimsuit, bra and girdle. One piece boy leg of double knit stretch in Du Pont nylon and Orlon* acrylic. In white with black, yellow with black, or navy with white. 8 to 16, about $24. One piece classic, 10 to 16, about $26. Two-piece hipster, 8 to 14, about $24. Peter Pan Swimwear International, Inc., 1407 Broadway, New York 10018. In Canada: 7585 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal 10, Quebec.



Diadem is the new noble way Reed & Barton sees sterling.

Diadem 4-piece place setting $37.75. For store nearest you and booklet on Diadem and other solid silver patterns, write Reed & Barton, Dept. V47, Taunton, Massachusetts

THE GREEK FASHION ODYSSEY



Wander through the Peloponnesos, go beyond Sparta to the tiny villages where stars provide the electricity, and a girl's dowry is still a grove of olive trees. Here in the tiny town of Niata, two Greek women asked us if we have the same sun and moon in America.

Sun drenched fields of flax inspired the colors of this classic beauty "Greek Key" dress. With pleat bottom it's marvelous for dancing Greek (or dancing anything), it's divine in beige with key border of brown, orange or green. Rayon mixed with flax. Sizes 8 to 18, about $18, at: Franklin Simon, New York City; Filene's, Boston; Adam, Meldrum & Anderson, Buffalo; Vandervoort's, St. Louis; Lamsons, Toledo; Burdine, Miami; Younkers, Des Moines; Foley's, Houston; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans; Horne's, Pittsburgh; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Bon Marché, Seattle.

Take it with you to Greece on Olympic Airways. Designed by The Young Naturals, 1400 Broadway, New York 10018, a division of Puritan Fashions Corporation.

THE YOUNG NATURALS
OF BARNSVILLE, U.S.A.



There's more control, power and resiliency in this lacy openwork panty girdle than meets the eye. Until you've tried it—and seen what it does for your waist, tummy, hips and thighs! The first and only true power lace, in black, white, blush, blue, yellow, pink, or poppy—for a light little $15. Matching bra, $7. Look for them wherever Jantzen underworld fashions are sold. Jantzen Inc., 261 Madison Ave., New York.

Jantzen's 'Jungle Blossom:' the lovely new power lace that works!

THE GREEK FASHION ODYSSEY



Metaxa, the golden glowing brandy of Greece, is as beautiful to look at as it is to sip. Five star Metaxa is 92 proof, which may be one reason why Greeks are so happy, such a delight to visitors. Wing your way to Athens on Olympic Airways, visit the Metaxa Caves where this brandy grows old gracefully in great wooden casks.

The ancient mosaic floors of Delos inspired the mosaic pattern of this Caprolan® nylon knit that packs like a hankie and quickly gives wrinkles the shake. The blue of the Aegean, the hot pink of a Greek setting sun, inspired its colors. In sizes 8 to 20 and 12½ to 22½, about $16.00 at fine stores in America.

An adventure in Greek chic by Claire Tiffany, 1400 Broadway, New York 10018, a division of Puritan Fashions Corporation.

BY CLAIRE TIFFANY

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Quarry: the skin ideal

The French have a well-known thing about beautiful skin. A dashing eighteenth-century chap (lieutenant of the Royal Hunt at Versailles, he doubtless had an eye for more than foxes) topped a rousing description of the marvels of the Marquise de Pompadour with the ultimate praise he could offer: "The finest skin in the world gave the greatest radiance to all her features." Twentieth-century Frenchmen have an even better sense of how such radiance is stalked out. L'Oréal of Paris, whose makeup and hair preparations are permanent fixtures in the lives of many beauties, now has unveiled a complete treatment collection for the complexion. Nine radiance-makers. All, effective as a royal nod. Delicate. Pleasing to the most raffiné sensibilities. E.g.: Visage '9' Gel Astringent, a new gel way to get at toning and firming. Glamour Ice, a facial masque—brisk, cool pick-up to see one over the evening's fences. . . . Once only at certain salons. Now at retail shops, too. . . . Tallyho!

Fluff that's not flighty

Something lovely that should be kept in its place is dusting powder. Its place? On the skin, not the bath mat. Casting a firm new look on all sorts of enchantments these days, Yardley of London has taken bath powder in hand and taught it a trick of femininity: tenaciousness. Clinging ways. Oh! de London Perfume Cake is a compressed dusting powder, possibly the first of its kind. Disciplined, it stays intact in its pretty container, is most unlikely to do anything vulgar like getting itself spilled, flying off. Instead it *sheds* off just the right amount of powder to be picked up by puff and transferred to you. Scent holds, too, fragranced as it is with wild flowers. . . . Aha. A *faithful* dusting powder. . . .

The eye with a gleam on it

Still another way to glow. Lay down a wicked gleam at the root of the lash. (Not all over the eyelid, mind you. At the base of the upper lashes is where the lining belongs.) The whereby is news captioned "Max Factor's Shiny Eyeliners." Nothing sly about this eyelinery. It speaks out boldly, with gloss. . . . In addition to which we see this. One who is hooked on creamy eye shadow or who likes to wear eye oil all day will have a minimum of hassle with the latest thing that Factor has put a shine to. Shiny Eyeliner seems to have an affinity for oily substances, goes on without smudging, gleams on until peeled off. . . . Special brush accompanies liner in the introductory package—long, unprecedentedly narrow at the tip, the better for shining eyelining penmanship. . . .

See these stores for an adventure in Greek chic by DOMANI KNITS

Alabama:
Loveman's–Birmingham

Arizona:
Jennifer Shops–Phoenix
Rhodes–Phoenix

California:
Christine's Vogue–Bakersfield
Pink Ladies–Downey
Carol Ann's–Fullerton
Polka Dot Shop–Inglewood
Nena's Fashions–La Habra
Martha Cross–La Jolla
The Broadway–Los Angeles
Diane's–Monterey Park
Goldmans and branches–Oakland
Lucille Rose–Orange
Rita on Ramona–Palo Alto
Margaret's Fashions–Playa Del Rey
The Monash Shop–Redwood City
Marlene's–Richmond
Stephenson's–Riverside
Ro Carson–Rosemead
Walker Scott–San Diego
Roos-Atkins–San Francisco
Fashion Surrey–Santa Clara
Henshey's–Santa Monica
Weldon's–Ventura
Miss Joyce Sportswear–Verdugo City
Bullock's–Westwood

Colorado:
May D&F–Denver
Cele's–Grand Junction

Connecticut:
G. Fox–Hartford
Edward Malley Co.–New Haven

Washington, D.C.
Hecht Co. and branches

Florida:
Golden Peacock–Gainesville
Burdine's and branches–Miami
Jordan Marsh–Miami
Aurelian's–Naples
Maas Bros.–Tampa

Georgia:
Davison-Paxon–Atlanta

Hawaii:
The Liberty House–Honolulu, Ala Moana, Downtown, Waikiki, Kailua, Waialae

Illinois:
Bernard's–Berwyn
Bernard's–Chicago
Carson Pirie Scott–Chicago
Foyers–Chicago
Foyers–Evergreen Park
Weise's–Rockford
Foyers–Waukegan

Indiana:
Fashion Shop–Brazil
Hudsons–Gary
Metra's–Terre Haute

Iowa:
Armstrongs–Cedar Rapids
Younker Bros.–Des Moines

Kentucky:
Kaufman-Strauss–Louisville

Louisiana:
D. H. Holmes–New Orleans

Maryland:
Hutzlers–Baltimore
Shirleys–Hyattsville

Massachusetts:
Jordan Marsh–Boston
Gollis of New Bedford–New Bedford
R. H. Stearns Co.–Boston
Albert Steigers–Springfield
Ulian–Worcester

Michigan:
Braken's–Ann Arbor
Duchess Shop–Bay City
Tow Bari, Inc.–Dearborn
Hudson's–Detroit
Ferris Suburban–Flint
Martha Dynes–Grand Blanc
Herpolsheimer's–Grand Rapids
Sarret's–Grand Rapids
Ruby's–Holland
Green's Apparel–Lansing
J. W. Knapp–Lansing
Lett's Fashions–Lansing
Fishers–Lincoln Park
Angies–Muskegan
Ferris Bros.–Saginaw
Sherries–Southfield
Harps–Warren

Minnesota:
Dayton Co.–Minneapolis
Young-Quinlan Rothschild–Minneapolis

Mississippi:
The Emporium–Jackson

Missouri:
Adlers–Kansas City
Gail's–St. Joseph

Montana:
Town and Country Shop–Great Falls

Nebraska:
Sally's–Bellevue
Bluebird Shop–Columbus
Gail's–Fremont
Style Shop–Norfolk
Kilpatricks–Omaha

New Jersey:
Hawaiian Cottage–Island Shop–Cherry Hill
Roz Carol–East Orange
Wilbars–Menlo Park
M. Epsteins–Morristown
Bambergers–Newark
Edythe's–Newark

New York:
Franklin Simon and branches–New York City
Camille's Dress Shop–Bellmore
Martins–Brooklyn
L. L. Berger–Buffalo
Jenss Blvd. Mall–Buffalo
Towne Set–Camillus Plaza
Kate Brodsky–Ellenville
B. Gertz–Flushing
M. J. McDonalds–Fulton
Weber & Heilbroner–Garden City
Jack & Jill Shop–Gloversville
B. Gertz–Hicksville
B. Gertz–Jamaica
Up-to-Date–Kingston
Mahopac Fashions–Mahopac
Stern Bros.–New York City
Jenss–Niagara Falls
Towne Set–North Syracuse
M. J. McDonalds–Oswego
Up-to-Date–Poughkeepsie
B. Forman–Rochester
Post & Co.–Syosset
Flah Co.–Syracuse

Ohio:
Higbee Co.–Cleveland, Downtown, Westgate, Severance, Midway Mall
Mabley & Carew Co.–Cincinnati
Elder Beerman–Dayton
Livingstons–Youngstown

Oregon:
The Vogue–Lake Oswego
Best Apparel–Portland
Kay's–Salem
Meir & Frank–Portland

Pennsylvania:
Fashion Spear–Braddock
Wilbars–Cheltenham
Daniels–Chester
Fashion Spear–Greensburg
Gimbels–Philadelphia
Lit Bros.–Philadelphia
Gimbels–Pittsburgh

Rhode Island:
Wilbars–Garden City
Peerless Co.–Providence
The Shepard Co.–Providence

Tennessee:
Miller Bros.–Chattanooga
Freudberg's–Memphis

Texas:
Volks–Dallas
Frost Bros.–San Antonio, Downtown Fashion Square

Utah:
Auerbachs–Salt Lake City

Virginia:
Thalhimers–Richmond

Washington:
Martinson's–Bellingham
Lorene Hall–Lake City
Best Apparel–Seattle
The Crescent–Spokane

West Virginia:
Risk's–Charlestown

Wisconsin:
Gimbels Schusters–Milwaukee
Taitelman's–West Allis

Wyoming:
Fowlers–Cheyenne

THE GREEK FASHION ODYSSEY



Journey to Rhodes, take your ease in a citrus grove—pluck an orange straight from a tree. Just hours after Olympic Airways has swept you there, you'll feel idyllic Rhodes is the place to which you were always destined to come.

Citrus yellow knit with Metaxa gold in a dress as classic in line as a Grecian toga—and as new as tomorrow. Buttons at the tri-colored yoke neck. Also in shades of Cyprus green and Aurora pink. Sizes 8-18.

The lilac striped with mauve striped with purple was inspired by the stripes of a Greek fisherman's shirt. Also in Metaxa Gold and Cyprus green. Sizes 6-14. Both in 100% Dacron® polyester knit, at the fine stores listed on the facing page.

An adventure in Greek chic by Domani Knits, 1407 Broadway, New York 10018, a division of Puritan Fashions Corporation.

BY DOMANI KNITS



Get packing... with Sacony®

When you leave home for a day or forever, you'll look your loving best in Sacony's® Ciellon® Charmer. Never a wrinkle, never a care when it comes to laundering. Gold print combination as shown; also available in predominantly beige or lime combinations. 8-18. $28.

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S. Augstein & Co., Inc., 1407 Broadway, N. Y. 10018

Introducing The Body-Do

Warner's great new sequel to make-up and the hair-do.



Eyes made bigger go with lips made pinker go with hair made fuller.

That's the put-together look for your face.

And Warner's® new Body-Do™ is the put-together look for your body.

Our bras and girdles proportion you.

So every part of your body goes with every other part.

Your bosom's not too high or too low or too little or too big for your waist.

Your tummy's in line with your hips.

Your hips aren't too round for your thighs, or your derrière.

You get as nearly perfect a shape as you can have.

Not just a plain body.

A planned body.

This is The Body-Do, and any store that has Warner's will fit you for one.

They're ready just as soon as you are.

A TYPICAL BODY-DO: THE YOUNG THING™ BRA, $5. THE YOUNG THING PANTIE GIRDLE, $9.

WARNER SLIMWEAR-LINGERIE. A DIVISION OF THE WARNER BROTHERS COMPANY.

That's My Color! It's new. Now you can pick the hair color that goes with you best and get it! You get the color that goes with your complexion, your eyes, your personality.

Now you can go several shades lighter—darker if you choose. Change your hair color just enough. But there's no bleached or dyed look. That's My Color! brings out the blond lights or livens your own true shade. And it covers gray completely. Covers a mistake you may have made with another hair coloring.

It's as easy as a quick shampoo. Everything you need is in the package. That's My Color! brings soft color to your hair. Not harsh or brassy. And you'll say your hair feels better than it ever felt before.

Find your prettiest you in the color you look best in. You'll say: "That's me! That's My Color!"

Pick the hair color you look best in.

You'll say:

that's me!



that's my color!®

by TECNIQUE®

GOLDEN

Durene Tames Cotton



Adds elegance to natural fiber Pattullo-Jo Copeland Approves

Cotton has many wonderful attributes just as it comes from nature. Softness, comfort and strength. But when natural cotton is made into Durene, it gets even better; its very finest qualities emerge.

Civilization The Answer

Durene is cotton that's been refined to do more, and be more, than the untamed cotton it was. Civilized through a special mercerizing process, it comes out smoother, richer and more receptive to every fashion color. Colors that stay fresher, brighter.

Important Reminder

A good thing to remember: Durene is all cotton, but not all cotton is Durene.

When Pattullo-Jo Copeland wanted civilized cotton, Herbert Meyer provided fabric made of Durene. Perfect for this deftly-shaped two-piece dress-suit in black, kindled with orange and white checks. Sizes 6 to 16. About $200.00. At Bonwit Teller, all stores; Neiman-Marcus, all stores Julius Garfinckel, Wash., D.C.

Durene is the trademark of the Durene Association of America, 350 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001, whose member companies produce Durene mercerized cotton yarn.



When you do your own, do your hair some good with the conditioner setting-lotion Forming de Pantene®.

This favorite from Europe now has its own cult here spreading the do-good word. Made here from a unique Swiss formula it gives exceptional body, holds out humidity. Your set lasts much longer with more shine than you ever thought your hair could show. Pantene does cost a little more, but tell yourself you are getting a setting lotion that is also a deep conditioner. You are! In two types for different hair needs. Forming de Pantene is sold at the best stores including

HENRI BENDEL
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You can do the splashiest things in swimwear, if there's Fortrel in it.

Elisabeth Stewart makes a beautiful splash with Castilian plaid, American good looks. The trick is Fortrel, keeping colors true and shape steady. Stays easy-care through countless splashings or washings. Mission Valley's plaid of Fortrel polyester and cotton. Dropped waist, box pleated beach-dress with built-in bra, sizes 8-16, about $20. Two piece swimsuit, sizes 8-14, about $18. Both in plaids of orange or pink with navy. At Bloomingdale's, New York; Bullock's—all stores, California; Hudson's, Detroit; Rich's, Atlanta; Sanger-Harris, Dallas.

Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

CELANESE FORTREL
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Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

The Young Unrushables

or, who has more fun —you or the kids?



Imagine that your 10-year-old has a whole ship 5 city blocks long to explore — to discover just where the dog deck is. How to read the stars. Where we keep the swimming pool. And how to play deck tennis. It's an experience your would-be adventurer will never forget! And for those under 12 the fun is half fare on ss United States to Europe.



How wide can a child's eyes get? Watch as the waiter flourishes the bubbly chocolate sauce . . . our staff knows what makes little boys' eyes light up. And to make your trip more lighthearted — carefree — there are supervised playrooms in every class.



What turns teens on? The Sound. They can monkey in their own discotheque on ss United States. Or dance to the beat of Meyer Davis — perhaps you can even teach your daughter the "cha cha"! Have fun. Take your family on the world's fastest ship. Call your Travel Agent or the United States Lines, One Broadway, New York, New York 10004.

Less than 5 days to Europe—the route of the Unrushables

S.S. UNITED STATES!

She's
mad for
beauty spots,
forget-me-nots
&
HOWARD WOLF



Skim on a neat little shaft of chevron jacquard "cultured cotton", a Rubin Levine fabric. Pause to note the neat yoke and sculptured seaming. Now swing cool. White, pink, yellow. 5-15.
$30.00

Miller & Rhoads

HOWARD B. WOLF, INC. / 498 SEVENTH AVE., N. Y. OR DALLAS

White cotton gets the new suit shape



PENATI

Small jacket, important skirt—this is the way suits are shaping up for summer. Here, a fresh white version in crisp ribbed cotton: small, short-sleeved jacket and a puff of dirndl. By Custom Casuals. About $60. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings, Saint Laurent for Colony. Marvella bracelets. Dior-Paris knee socks. Julianelli shoes. Coiffure: David Crespin.



IT ISN'T PINK. IT ISN'T RED.
IT'S ALMOST PINK. IT'S ALMOST RED.

It's Almost Spring. And by a beautiful coincidence Almost is the important new color for Spring. Charles of the Ritz created it in two shades: Almost Pink and Almost Red.
Why are they called Almost? Simply because they're too subtle to be called anything else.
And this is the season for subtlety.

Charles of the Ritz

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Rally 'round the flags... boys 'n girls!

Exuberant flag designs inspired by I.W. Harper, The Gold Medal Bourbon!

Flags symbolize I.W. Harper's distinguished position as the only Bourbon enjoyed in 110 countries around the world!



The perfect choice for your party . . . a long floating culotte pajama by Coty Award winner Leo Narducci for Guy D in Harper's International Envoy printed silk. Sizes: 6-16. About $70

WOMEN'S FASHIONS FEATURED AT: JOSEPH MAGNIN, CALIF. & NEV. ☐ ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON, BUFFALO ☐ LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY · 86 PROOF · © I. W. HARPER DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Create a small sensation in this short A-line cocktail dress with a V-shaped halter front and dramatic low cut back in Harper's Gold Medal print by Mannequin. Sizes: 6-16. About $55

Harper's Envoy pattern and International Club Formal Wear get together in this dinner jacket that has a one-button front ... navy satin shawl collar and navy piped pockets. About $75.

FURCHGOTT'S, JACKSONVILLE ☐ THE BOSTON STORE, MILWAUKEE ☐ THE HIGBEE CO., CLEVE. ☐ MAISON BLANCHE, NEW ORLEANS ☐ GUY D ALSO AT: H. P. WASSON, IND. ☐ FAMOUS-BARR, ST. LOUIS ☐ MANNEQUIN ALSO AT: CARSON, PIRIE, SCOTT, CHI. ☐ H. & S. POGUE, CINN. ☐ JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILA.

*Du Pont's registered trademark for its man-made poromeric. Stockings of Du Pont Cantrece™ Nylon



DELMAN crafts the most civilized alligator-look in captivity. Civilized because this wild white sling pump is of spanking new Baby'Gator grained CORFAM*. Born to behave beautifully in any weather, in every climate. CORFAM repels water, resists permanent spotting, sponges gleaming clean, stays supple. It's the wildly sensible new shoe upper material from Du Pont. And it breathes to aid foot comfort.

CORFAM®

Better Things for Better Living... *through Chemistry* DU PONT

Delman shoe available at Delman salon at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Elizabeth Arden, Beverly Hills. Also at: Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.; Sakowitz, Houston; Dreyfuss & Son, Dallas.

If only styles like this came in half-sizes.

They do.

America lives in DACRON

Amy Adams

A Division of Jonathan Logan

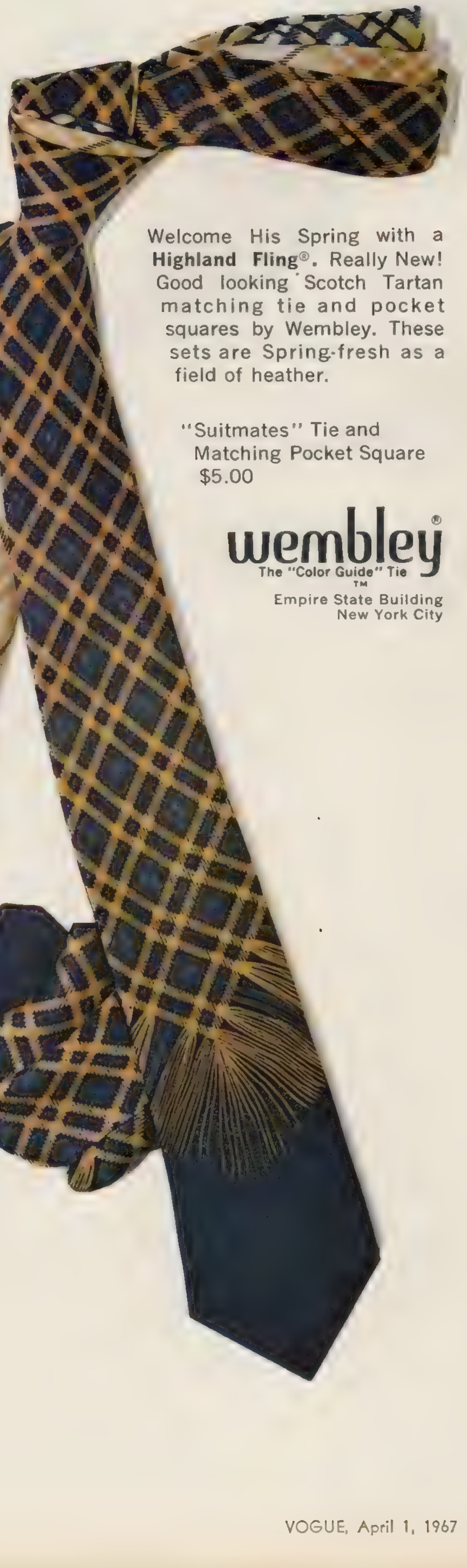
Summer begins with the costume dress, here boasting an irresistibly embroidered jacket. No fuss 65% Dacron® polyester-35% cotton in blue (shown here) or gray . . . each with white. Sizes 12½ to 22½. About $35.* At **Lord & Taylor,** New York; **J. W. Robinson,** Los Angeles; **Marshall Field,** Chicago; **Joseph Horne,** Pittsburgh; **Hudson's,** Detroit; **Halle Bros.,** Cleveland; **Sanger-Harris,** Dallas; **Denver Dry Goods,** Denver; **Frederick & Nelson,** Seattle; **Dayton's,** Minneapolis; and all their branches . . . and all fine stores in the United States and Canada. Or write Amy Adams, 1400 Broadway, New York 10018.

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON THE WEST COAST.

If he's the strong silent type,

let WEMBLEY do the talking.





Welcome His Spring with a **Highland Fling®.** Really New! Good looking Scotch Tartan matching tie and pocket squares by Wembley. These sets are Spring-fresh as a field of heather.

"Suitmates" Tie and Matching Pocket Square
$5.00

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The "Color Guide" Tie
™
Empire State Building
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REMEMBER WHEN STRETCH WAS JUST ANOTHER WORD? NOW IN CELANESE NYLON

fashion-stretch



Sea B, Inc. puts new spirit in swimwear with Fashion-Stretch, the exciting fabric that keeps pace with every move. Shadows your shape, and keeps its own lastingly. In Edmos' knit of Celanese Nylon. Two-piece suit, ringed at midriff. Tobacco and orange, blue and olive, gold and black. High-necked maillot with back halter strap. Tobacco and orange, plum and lime, blue and cocoa. Each, 30 to 36, about $20. At Franklin Simon, New York; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indiana; Bamberger's New Jersey; The Hecht Co., Baltimore; Joseph Magnin Co., California & Nevada.

FASHION STRETCH OF

Celanese®

CELANESE NYLON

Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

Essential:
for every woman
21 and over

Youth 25
by
IRMA
SHORELL



The first
PREVENTIVE*
cosmetic developed to
help the younger woman
keep the unlined look of
youthful skin

When I was in my 20's I found no single creme to be especially effective for the younger woman in smoothing away telltale dryness lines and in deterring the appearance of new ones.

Leading medical authorities and renowned dermatologists have since echoed my thoughts that *proper preventive measures in the 20's can do much to control the appearance of aging skin.

Younger women from all walks of life —debutantes, stewardesses, actresses and beauty editors—verified that this same situation still exists.

Two years of concentrated effort have now produced "YOUTH 25"—the first liquid creme that obviates the necessity for a moisturizer—containing many little known, highly beneficial moisturizing oils—it imparts a delicate, healthy, natural sheen to the skin.

The initial users—internationally famous young beauties—were unanimous in their praise. No more dryness lines were forming around the eye and throat, and all started using much lighter foundations and much less makeup.

I know of no other product as beneficial and effective as "YOUTH 25" for the younger woman. 1.75 ozs.—12.50

Irma Shorell

Write or phone

NAN DUSKIN	Philadelphia
HIMELHOCH'S	Detroit
GIDDING-JENNY	Cincinnati
SWANSON'S	Kansas City
REGENSTEIN'S	Atlanta
FROST BROS.	San Antonio

and at other selected stores.

© IRMA SHORELL, INC.

Beauty Checkout

(Continued from page 20)

Greenhouse couldn't care less about the weather; it grows its own. The Great Southwest Corporation, instigators of the spa, put everything under glass: the entire spa is an environmental bubble with a glass dome. A single building houses everything—swimming pool, exercise rooms, sauna, hairdressing and facial salons, bedrooms, dining room, sitting rooms; and a single climate holds, evenly, the year round. There are a few weeks during the year when The Greenhouse shuts its handsome, lattice-sheathed, triple-bolted doors for staff holiday. And there are specified summer weeks when only the young are admitted—girls from sixteen to twenty-two go into beauty training with a special program called Silver Spoon. Includes everything that's given adults, but for a smaller tuition. . . . And what *about* price at The Greenhouse? Well, even though there are no dangling extras (for instance, no tipping is allowed; to the price of admission, you add a flat fifteen per cent for service, and that rule's adhered to), expect to pay through the nose, eyes, ears. Any good spa is frightfully expensive to run. Any good spa has dozens of trained experts. And, from the looks of the linens, the pleasant smiles on the faces of the maids in their fresh, canary-yellow uniforms, *no* spa runs more fully-staffed than does The Greenhouse. The ratio of domestic staff to guest is probably greater than the ratio of domestic staff to member-of-royal-family at a certain well-known palace we could name. (Begins with B; is in London. Guess.) . . . "I use the staff for all it's worth," one efficient-looking guest told us. Explaining that back in the mainstream, her life never gives her a chance to breathe, she said she now has her semi-annual permanent wave during her Greenhouse residency; if she were wearing her hair streaked, she'd have that dealt with during her stay. "I pay extra for this, but since this is an official Charles of the Ritz salon, why not have it done? It's convenient." . . .

Coat check



PENATI

Check it out in green and white—a fresh little wool coat with a neat collar, tab closing, four tab pockets. Wear it short. Wear it with a butterscotch felt cloche, white textured stockings, and an orange canvas shoulder bag. By Don Loper. About $125. Ruza Creations bag. Both: Arnold Constable. Coat: Haggarty's. Jack Gilbert earrings. Halston hat, to order: Bergdorf Goodman.



Mitsouko by Guerlain

AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

Actionwear

TESTED AND APPROVED FOR PEOPLE WHO MOVE.

Swimsuits are of 100% Blue "C"® nylon from Stretch Fabrics, Inc. And they're tagged Actionwear*. Which means they're just right for little girls. Sizes 4 to 6X, 7 to 14 and 8 to 16. Prices range from $6 to $13. Blue "C" nylon is by Monsanto Textiles Division, New York, New York 10001. The Actionwear swimsuits are by **PETITE CHERI.**

NYLON C Monsanto

*TM OF MONSANTO FOR TESTED AND APPROVED APPAREL

MOYGASHEL® Linen of Irish heritage. Detailed with elegance by Stella Sloat.

GREECE



TWA



Marquise
Design by Christian Mann

HENRI BENDEL • RICH'S • SAKOWITZ

Welcome to the world of Trans World Airlines · TWA

East of New York, south of Madrid, down to Kenya

By Fergus Reid Buckley

EDITOR'S NOTE: Fergus Reid Buckley, the author of the new novel *Eye of the Hurricane,* lives in Spain with his family, travels considerably. Continents don't matter to him, partly because he went to school in Mexico and England, took his degree at Yale. He is the younger brother of William F. Buckley, junior.

The world, of course, is long, flat, and pointed at both ends. It has a narrow waist. Europe is separated from the New World by an ocean of water. Europe is separated from the Dark Continent by narrow straits, an exiguous sea, and an ocean of sand. The waist of the world is Spain; its hinge is Gibraltar. The geological composition of Gibraltar is African, not European. This, anyhow, happens to be true. The Mediterranean basin is the belt of the world, and Spain the buckle. No metaphor ever lied.

This is an age for the bridging of differences—by gum by golly. Anomalies aren't tolerated. We've even spanned the gap between Long and Fire Islands, in order to endow that barrier beach with the joys of our civilization. Think of it! At the turn of the century, those white sandy wastes and sugarloaf dunes trembled under the pounding of the Atlantic surf; now they tremble under the pounding of thousands of sticky city feet. Lucky Fire Island.

Not long enough ago, my wife and I shared the messianic chiliasm of our culture. We hadn't lived many months in Spain before we were itching to help yank the country out of its mediaeval slumber, a sorry somnolence in which people dreamed of poetry and art instead of money. Why, there hadn't been a traffic jam since Belmonte last drew sword against Joselito in a *mano a mano!* There hadn't been a case of smog since the final auto-da-fé in the Plaza Mayor. Spain needed us.

With more exuberance than good sense, we helped establish a baby Merchandise Mart whose modest ambition was to export Iberia to the United States, hoping to bridge the gulf by generating foreign reserves. We stocked everything from Berhanyer high fashion to Horcher's delectable almond sauce, not to mention knitwear, textiles, household accessories, and even a few antiques we helped make. Within the first three months, we'd written orders amounting to three hundred thousand dollars. Oh, the exultation! We were dealing with Allied Stores, Associated Dry Goods, and the May Company. Emporiums from every region in the States sent buyers. Our porcelain factory, for years in the doldrums, announced a thirty-million-peseta expansion. *Olé!* Our wickerware man in Gata de Gorgos bought himself a good wool suit and even spoke of sending his children to Ramiro Maeztu college. *Ibid!* We were all going to get rich.

It was a bad year for almonds. Horcher's crêpes sauce is, of course, about the crunchiest, creamiest, most delicious experience that the palate can sweeten to. We arranged to bottle it in rock-crystal jars with silver stoppers. Here, we thought, we had concocted a dandy gift for gourmet counters. We displayed the jars attractively on the shelves of sixteenth-century Galician highboys, which, by the way, we

hadn't helped make. There they rested through February, March, and April. No gourmet buyer came to us. May baked the Castilian plains, so that even our lascivious African doves wooed each other languorously. The jars, we noticed, occasionally sweated with the heat. We sweated with hordes of buyers. There were the etiolated types, with their Irish vests and nasal, pseudo-Hahvard drawls. There were also the *brutos*.

They demanded entertainment, every day, every night, and all the time. Betsy and I were finally up to our *coronillas* with flamenco joints. "How about visiting the Prado today, Mr. Jones?" "Whazzat?" "The Prado. It's got nice pictures." "Any for sale?" "I'm afraid not." "I don't have time to waste, Buckley. Say, that dancer we saw in the third set last night. She's some woman, hunh?" "Hunh." "They take any dates?" "Uhn-hunh." "Izzat yes!" "Her husband's a gypsy too. He ignites matches at twenty paces with a bullwhip." "Oh . . . Say, Buckley, I've seen all this stuff. Don'tchu have anything new?"

Mr. Jones reserved a nook in his department for gourmet items. I was not attracted to Mr. Jones. There had been three days and three nights of Mr. Jones. I hailed a trusted sales girl. "Helen, would you show this gentleman the almond sauce?"

Helen is exceedingly pretty. Mr. Jones mopped his meaty face with a maroon silk handkerchief, leered at Helen's legs, stuffed the handkerchief back into the breast pocket of his shiny sharkskin suit, and stumped happily after her. Sighing, I turned to other work. I heard Helen's soft voice extolling the sauce, and Mr. Jones's "Yuh, yuh—let's try some!" And then I heard a pop. And with the pop a splintering sound. And then a series of pops, and splats as of liquid. And a subdued "Oh, dear!" from Helen. And a bellow and a roar from Mr. Jones. And an "Oh, dear me!" from Helen, by which time I had come flying into the room.

With the index finger of one hand, she was gouging sauce out of her left eye; with the other hand, she was vainly wiping at Mr. Jones's Sulka cravat. A vain gesture indeed, because Mr. Jones was soaked from head to toe with guck and powdered glass. We had not counted on the fermentation induced by heat.

Still we kept filling orders, faster than we could count up commissions. Alas. . . .

"Señor García, it is now the twentieth of September, and if you recall, you promised Saks on your honour as a Murcian caballero that you would finish their ceramics by the fifteenth of August."

We were sitting on a bench, facing the Mediterranean. Africa lay beyond.

"Ah, yes," murmured Señor García, sipping his sweet sherry meditatively as he watched the sun extrude blood all over the horizon. "Did I tell you about the Murcian who went to confession in Madrid?"

"I don't believe you have."

"He began, 'Father, mortal sin burdens my soul. You see, I'm from Murcia . . . !' Whereupon the priest said, 'Stop right there! Grave it may be, my son, but it's not necessarily mortal.' "

"Very amusing, Señor García. What about the Saks candelabra?"

Señor García patted my left knee. "You're a nice young fellow, with a lot to learn. Tell me, how many of your other artisans have met their delivery dates?"

The cold knot that had been growing in my belly all summer long tightened. "Very few," I confessed.

Señor García smiled. "And we've all sworn on our honour, and we've all protested to the heavens. I know, you don't have to tell me. But who's to blame? Can you bind human beings to immoral commitments? My men and I enjoy designing our candelabra, and baking a few dozen during the year. But you've ordered thousands of them, and we're bored to death. In such a beautiful world, that *is* a mortal sin."

By Christmastime, we had processed less than twenty thousand dollars' worth of goods. We were losing our shirts. When stockholders began bidding for our scalps as well, my wife and I decided to take a trip.

(Continued on page 84)

ITALY



TWA



Marquise

Design by Christian Mann

BERGDORF GOODMAN • NEIMAN-MARCUS • I. MAGNIN • MONTALDO'S

Welcome to the world of Trans World Airlines· TWA

FRANCE



TWA



Travelcoats by NAMAN

A new shape heads for France—the high-flying tent. Travis 100% Nylon Chemstitch® in sculptured leafy pattern. White, pink, yellow, blue, black. Sizes 6-16. About $40.
Lord & Taylor—all stores
Or write: Naman Rainwear
500 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10018

Welcome to the world of Trans World Airlines· TWA

Travel

(Continued from page 83)

Here's a challenge. Try residing in Zermatt three weeks and resist climbing the Matterhorn. Here's another. Try watching the sun sink towards the Straits of Gibraltar and not want to cross them.

"How about Kenya? Nobody would think of looking for us there."

Seeking to cover our tracks, we slipped across the border into Lisbon, spending the night. Next morning, we flew into Rome. We were travelling backwards into time. There was leisure for a visit to Peter's tomb and a stroll around the Forum. At four o'clock that afternoon, we were in Athens, climbing to the Acropolis. Midnight, and we boarded a jet that landed us, boom, in Khartoum.

We had traversed the history of our civilization in thirty hours. My wife, eyes and teeth glittering in the steamy dawn light, said, "They'll never find us here!"

Dawn broke like pearls being poured into a skillet. We'd been aloft several more hours, and now we were circling Nairobi. The vast plains of the Great Rift Valley swept to the south, all gold and green. To the northeast, Mt. Kenya poked up its sizzling white dome. Betsy, who abhors Bermuda shorts, approved the bony, brown and black knees of the British and Kenyan customs agents. "Have you brought any weapons?" we were asked politely. "No—should we have?" Eyes and teeth nacreous in the crystal highland air, my wife said, "They'll *never* find us here!"

At the New Stanley, we were greeted by a cable that read:
HOPE YOU ENJOYED THE FLIGHT STOP ABOUT THE ONLY DEPARTMENT HONOURING DELIVERY DATES IS KNITWEAR STOP BRING BACK NEW IDEAS NEW COLLECTION BETTER BLOODY WELL BE SOMETHING OF VALUE OR KEEP HEADING SOUTH . . .
It was signed by the Chairman of the Board.

Our driver's name was Toski. He wasn't a Kikuyu and he wasn't a Wakamba. His pumpkin cheeks were split by a jack-o'-lantern smile, out of which poured a torrent of unintelligible English backed up by a flood of Swahili.

Toski had begun teaching us Swahili. We never did get straight whether *pole pole* signified SLOW DOWN FOR PETE'S SAKE or not. I doubt a dictionary would have helped, because, when at the wheel of Land Rover or Dodge sedan, Toski simply rolled his magnificently stretched earlobes up, stuffed them into the orifices, and with an oblivious and maniac grin, rushed in search of nirvana. Betsy, however, is a persevering creature. "Toski," she would inquire winningly, "how does one say, 'Kindly do not blow horns at enraged bull elephants when our *motocaa* is stuck fast in quicksand?' " Or, "How does one say, 'Please do not play matador with perissodactyl beasts when Bwanas Buckley are sitting utterly defenseless and scared to death in the back seat?' " Toski would laugh, swivel his 'round head about, translate in full, and then, just as the charging ton of rhinoceros hooked at our door, slam the accelerator down and churn off in a cloud of giggles.

We were returning from Tsavo. Thirty naked young warriors bathing in the stream, their copper bodies glinting like the elongated dreams of a Praxiteles; and my wife, brown eyes shameless with pleasure, going "Oh, *yum!*" Masai. Hungerers for cattle. Nomads in Roman togas, whose long spears defy lions, and whose simis yearn all along their razor-edges for the necks of the detested and now dominant Kikuyu. Masai: arrogant, fearless, invincible, crowds in a market parting like waves before them as they stride along with never a glance to the right or the left. The doomed Masai, who will not be tamed, who before the arrival of the Scotch-Irish

had almost exterminated the Kikuyu; who now themselves face extinction.

A Kenyan farmer told us, "The Masai keep their simis tucked within the toga. Now, they're all right. But never insult one, and that means don't even look one directly in the eye. It's a challenge no warrior lets pass."

But Betsy argued, "Fashion has to go African, someday or other. See those beaded necklaces their women wear? Get one. We'll take it back. We'll work the motif into our knitwear."

Where to purchase a necklace? Why, from the neck of the first Masai woman we come across, replies Toski. We approach a village in the lower reaches of Kenya. Toski halts beside an aging Masai couple. He hops out and commences bargaining, fingering the lady's necklace while her husband stares disdainfully away. Toski insists that I step out to finger and weigh the necklace. Toski and the woman haggle some more. Eighteen shillings win the prize. The necklace is doffed and presented to me.

I am stooping into the car when the patent polish of what I assume to be a sort of wineskin flashes across the retina of my left eye. I turn away from the car. Negligently, I reach with my right hand for the wineskin, to fondle it as I had fondled the necklace, to inquire after its price. Toski freezes beside me. An explosive hiss escapes from between his unhabitually closed lips. Surprised, completing the revolution, I meet the eyes of the Masai husband. They flare at me with orange ferocity.

My hand drops to my side. I had almost squeezed his wife's uncovered left breast.

Half a mile along, we stop at an inn. Off the right of the road, a path leads to a cluster of individual cabins; off to the left stands the restaurant. We dine. We linger over coffee; the few other travellers trail out to their cabins, and we are alone. We emerge into the velvet pitch of an African night, the sky wanton with millions upon millions of frigid stars. We are six thousand miles from Athens, Rome, Lisbon, and Madrid. As we are crossing the road, a rigid shadow springs up to our left. It's as if we'd stepped on the prongs of a rake. We pause. My heart anyhow gives a bound, and then seems to escape down a hole. There is a vast silence. We continue across the road. I escort my wife to the first cabin. The walls are pasteboard. Two flimsy doors, front and back, open directly on the night. "You stay here. It's silly, of course, can't be the same man, but I'd better go out for a while."

The gravel on the path shines like quicksilver, crunching beneath my soles. The road itself, dirt, smokes from the cold fire of the stars. I scuff up dust. We are ten thousand miles from New York. He has not moved a centimeter, tall, angular, still, wrapped in his toga, spear butt planted between his toes. Never insult one, and that means don't even look one directly in the eye. Uh-huh. Her husband is a gypsy too, and he ignites matches at twenty paces with a bullwhip.

I search the heavens for the Southern Cross. Right and left, two more shadows spring up. Our hero whistles a Broadway tune. Our hero is absorbed by astronomy as never he has been. The shadows remain stationary, one behind, one on the right, and one on the left. I hear their faint breathing. The portion of road between me and the path is as yet unblocked. Our hero begins a fastidious retreat. The breathing of the shadows seems to quicken, prickling the nape of the neck and locating the base of the spine. That's all.

My wife and I spent that night listening to the soft and sibilant murmurings of men discussing we don't know what outside our cabin.

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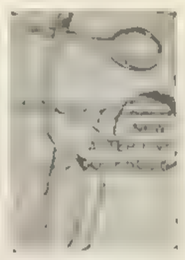
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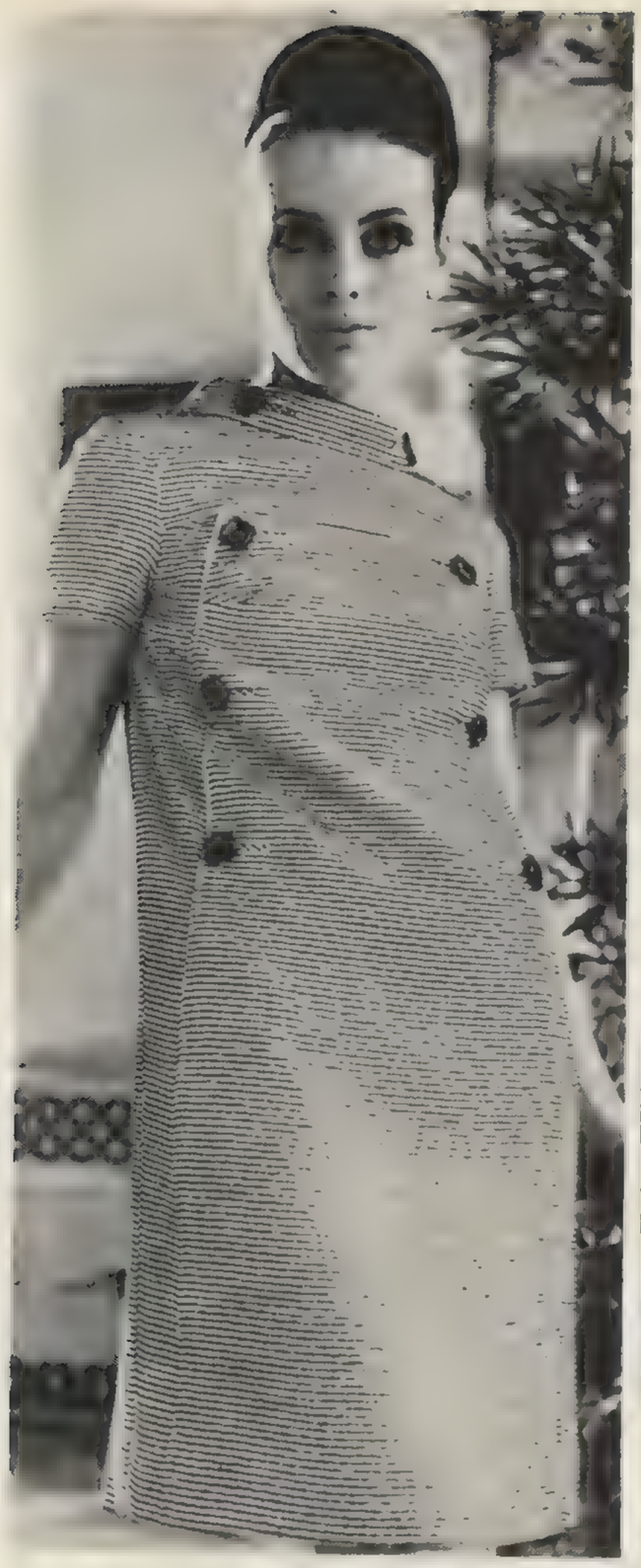


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VOGUE'S

A cosy, colour-struck supper party after the opera in London



1

"It was a 'people' party," a guest said of the London supper reception given by Lady Ogilvy and Sir Nicholas Sekers for Mr. Beni Montresor after the opening of Berlioz's opera *Benvenuto Cellini* at the Royal Opera House. Two things about this production stood out: the Cellini-gold voice of the Swedish tenor Nicolai Gedda, and the glowing, stirring costumes and sets by Mr. Montresor. Reds, pinks, yellows, oranges sizzled against sharp gold-green.

After the performance, the same wide-eye colours in silk curtained and shaped alcoves set with small supper tables, turning Sir Nicholas's office rooms into a sudden restaurant. Here, the fun was the float of good talk and of guests



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NOTEBOOK



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from table to table at a party small enough to allow conversation to count, and large enough to include people who count in opera, the theatre, London, and the world.

1. Backstage at the opera: Mr. Nicolai Gedda, Miss Elizabeth Vaughan, Mr. Beni Montresor. 2. The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. 3. Mr. John Dexter, who directed *Benvenuto Cellini;* Sir Laurence Olivier. 4. The Earl of Snowdon, Miss Pamela Colin. 5. The Earl of Drogheda, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Royal Opera House. 6. Mr. William Mostyn-Owen, Miss Edna O'Brien. 7. Mme. Alain Camus. Sir Frederick Ashton. 8. Miss Kathleen Halton. 9. Sir Nicholas Sekers; H.R.H. the Princess Margaret, Countess of Snowdon. 10. Mr. Beni Montresor, Lady Ogilvy.



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VOGUE'S

A party that out-dazzled Dallas—
the début of Miss Jane Post



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Palio pages and Camelot trappings veered the Brook Hollow Club from golf to Gothic for the extravaganza coming-out party of Jane Post in Dallas, Texas. Gold cloth and rose chiffon tented a forest of white candles in the ballroom where Mr. and Mrs. Troy V. Post and their blond, brown-eyed débutante daughter, in a white crystal-beaded dress, greeted hundreds of friends from all over the country and Mexico.

Before, after, and during a midnight supper of oysters Rockefeller and beef Wellington, three bands of music makers fired the mediaeval fanfare. In the ballroom, a Texas orchestra played known songs for non-groovy dancers. For walkers and talkers, a trio from Acapulco serenaded in the soothingly dim, oak-panelled bar. Out in the lanai, the insiders got hung up on the Outsiders, a Cleveland quintet slapping tambourines, drums, and guitars whose



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NOTEBOOK



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"Time Won't Let Me" and top-chart pop kept the Gothic-à-Go-Go going until dawn.

1. Dancers in the main ballroom, where spangled chandeliers blazed pastel pinks and vibrant reds and pink-skirted tables held pyramids of fresh flowers. 2. The Mexican musicians, El Presidente Trio, flown from Acapulco for the Dallas party. 3. A member of the Cleveland group, the Outsiders, singing in the discothèque, hung with heraldic banners and backlit by stained-glass panes. 4. Mrs. Troy V. Post, mother of the débutante, greeting guests. 5. Mr. Troy V. Post with his daughter, Miss Jane Post. 6. Miss Pamela Beck and Mr. Michael Wisenbaker. 7. Mr. Bradford Galo and Miss Vesta Greenleaf. 8. Mr. Duncan Mason and Miss Karen Tooke. 9. Miss Jane Post, the débutante. 10. Miss Nancy Bread and Mr. Richard Marcus.

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

The radiant McBean-Howard wedding in San Francisco



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"This is a one-time thing. . . . I'll plan it myself," said Miss Sheila McBean of her marriage to Mr. Philip M. Howard, junior. Daughter of Mrs. David Weatherby and Mr. Peter McBean, the bride, who loves California ranch life and usually lives in blue jeans, chose a big, beautiful, thoroughly formal wedding—all velvet white and sapphire blue—in San Francisco's Grace Cathedral, followed by a reception at the St. Francis. Here, against a background of pink and camellias, three hundred and fifty guests danced, the young bouncing to "Winchester Cathedral." 1. Mr. and Mrs. Philip M. Howard, junior. 2. Bride and groom cutting the cake. 3. Mrs. William R. Hearst, III; Mr. Harlow Marks, the best man. 4. Miss Edith McBean, Mr. Peter McBean. 5. Mrs. David Weatherby, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Bowes. 6. Miss Constance Martin, Mr. R. Lent Hooker, Miss Abigail Folger, Mrs. Harold Cole, Mrs. Charles W. Fay.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By Anthony West

Bristol Old Vic,

"*a teeny bit of a bore*"

The visit payed to New York by the Bristol Old Vic Repertory Company at the beginning of its tour of the United States posed a number of questions. The company performed three of Shakespeare's plays, *Measure for Measure, Hamlet,* and *Romeo and Juliet,* with moderate competence and an almost complete lack of distinction, so that when they had done, one wondered just why they had been brought here. There are well over twenty directors in this country who could have done better by the plays, and three or four hundred actors, available, and mostly unemployed, who could have done better by the parts. This thought presented itself most persistently while the company was plowing its way through *Hamlet,* directed by Val May. May seems to feel that Shakespeare's *Hamlet* is, as the débutante said about culture, "terrific, and all that; but let's face it, a teeny bit of a bore." So his *Hamlet* has been jazzed up in various ways.

The first step towards putting a little life into Shakespeare's poor, tired, old piece was to cut it free of its historical associations. This is done by putting the cast into a set of costumes designed by Audrey Price on a foundation of the fashions of the French Restoration and English Regency periods. It has apparently escaped Mr. May's attention that if *Hamlet* is a bore as an Elizabethan play, it is a nonsense as a piece about a Danish Shelley.

The result of bringing Richard Pasco on stage to play the lead in the costume of a man-about-town of the eighteen twenties is to relate him immediately to a world that has heard the thumping of the guillotine and the roar of Napoleon's guns: He can not wear that well-cut tailcoat, those skintight "unmentionables," and those elegant Wellington boots, without having thoughts about the nature of monarchy and about the vulnerability of monarchs that have been shaped by the events of the French Revolution and the ideas that gave rise to it. Hamlet knows nothing of these things, no more does anyone else in the play, so that the effect of bringing it closer to us by some three hundred years is to make Hamlet an idiot surrounded by idiots in a Denmark divorced from reality of any kind.

It apparently struck May that some of Shakespeare's lines were going to sound odd when his audience heard them coming from the mouths of characters who had been transformed into contemporaries of Balzac by the art of his costume designer. To guard against this he seems to have told his players to play the action not the words, and to keep the pace lively. As a result the scene between Hamlet and his mother, in which Hamlet kills Polonious, is played at a hard gallop as a row between a tearful juvenile delinquent and his exasperated Mom, and the words and meanings of the exchange are lost in the wrangling and the restless and irrelevant movement. The meaning of scene after scene is thrown away in this fashion, and in the end we are given something much closer to the fatuous blood and thunder melodrama by Kyd that Shakespeare was called on to rewrite than it is to the marvellous creation that arose from this commission.

But while overproduction, or excess of business, was the fault of the company's *Hamlet,* it was simple mediocrity and provincialism in the matter of the acting that made their other two offerings unacceptable. The practice of importing foreign companies whose standards are lower than those that American actors are expected to meet has little to recommend it.



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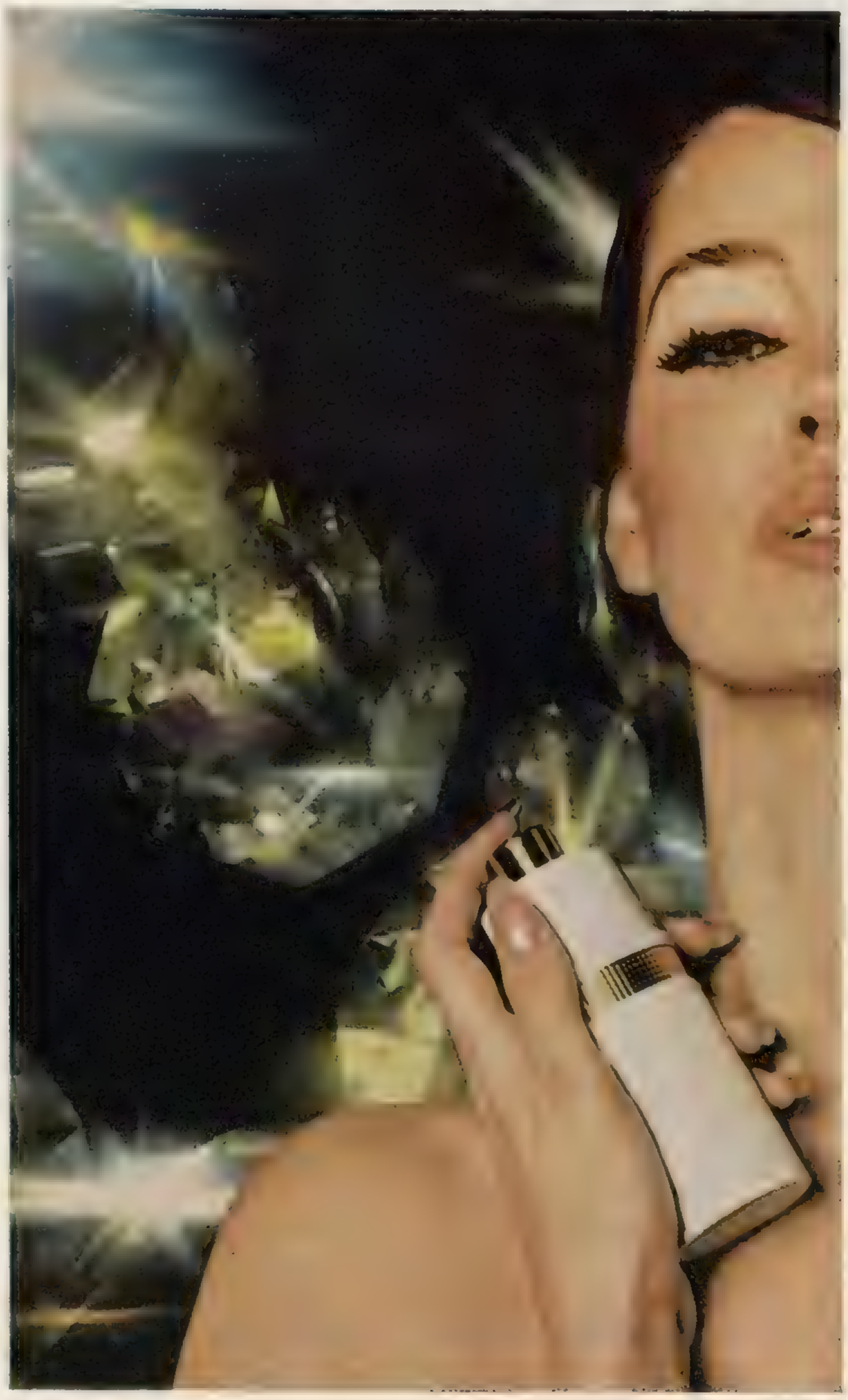


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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

THEATRE

By BARBARA LONG

The Deer Park,

"*sex as a vehicle*"

The marquee at the Theatre de Lys reads NORMAN MAILER'S THE DEER PARK. That's all the marquee says . . . that's all it has to say. Norman Mailer's possession of his first play should summon enough playgoers to ensure him a decent run and serve to describe, praise, and criticize the production itself.

Norman Mailer is a writer. A writer was best defined by James Baldwin as a man who *couldn't* do anything else. That leaves Mailer and precious few others. A writer is not necessarily equipped to be a playwright, however. Playwrights are tricky wizards. Norman Mailer isn't tricky; he works hard but never picked up magic; he has a major fantasy to show us, but is too trapped in acting out that fantasy to let a cast of actors do it for him.

Somewhere inside *The Deer Park* is a small but powerful historical play. The time is the 1950's on the West Coast; the theme is hysteria during the McCarthy era and desperation of men unable to fight their way out of an amorphous-flab-with-the-steel-tenacles-of-stupidity. It was a strange decade, Mailer's decade.

Sometime during the ten years of writing and rewriting, the play became a mixture of highly stylized parlour comedy and *Man and Superman*, Edward Albee and Peter Pan saying four-letter words. The play is full of rage, but rage must be given shape to become vital. It must be given a literary form—irony, satire, humour. Mailer's rage rages, a kiln out of which no vase is produced. He rages for all the right, old-fashioned, square, corny things. He rages against anti-life, anti-love, against an unfair world in which people don't love themselves enough to love each other. He honestly seems to believe in evil and, hating anti-life, sees anti-life as evil. The purity of Mailer's rage blinds him to seeing that purity is no longer enough.

Hysteria on the West Coast in the 1950's with a Chico Hamilton background becomes instead on stage an exploration of sex, "the last frontier left to man," to a background of Vivaldi. People unable to make contact with themselves and each other become evil. Mailer can't make evil work because he chose sex as a vehicle and sex has no intrinsic evil. A pimp-orgiast-homosexual-saint of evil becomes in the play a gossip columnist's bastard son yearning for Mommy. A composite of truly evil moguls able to blacklist merely angry artists becomes a Yiddish comedian getting laughs with one-liners. One-liners get laughs in *The Deer Park* and the laughs are grabbed at in surprise, then in relief. Since Mailer is not a man with a sense of humour, the laughs distort his purpose.

The set is cockeyed experimental. The prologue, setting the hell in the mind of Mailer's spokesman, is pure Mailer and necessary only to Mailer. No individual actors need be singled out for damning because Grand High School is as pertinent a style of performance as any other they might have chosen. Actors and actresses come out and say such naïve things as, "Last night I found out how *really* good I am," and deserve in turn to hear such things as, "I still like to give it to you sometimes."

Limousines pull up outside the theatre bringing people twenty years too late to endorse the writer who taught a whole generation how to read. *The Deer Park* is not a good play but it is entertaining in a peculiar way, an uneasy gift from the mind of an uneasy man, a strangely dated piece, strangely sweet, from the last of the innocents.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Hombre, "*for the Indians*"

Every declining culture clings to the icons of its past—even Hollywood. It has been sad to note the stubborn feeling out there that, though so much else has slipped away, and in spite of all those Italian imitations, the Western can still be the salvation of the American film. In 1963 Martin Ritt, as director, and Paul Newman, as actor, combined their talents in *Hud*, a mildly innovative movie which placed the Western stereotypes in the Cadillac age and achieved a distinctive and sardonic effect. They have tried again in *Hombre*. The results, alas, are less invigorating.

Hombre, indeed, ends an anthology of Western cliché—not just the basic clichés, which are part of the ritual, but of nearly all the modern tricks intended to rejuvenate the Western. It is, at once, an ethnic Western, a civil rights Western, a Freudian Western, and a tragic Western. All the overtones do is to define the banality of the tones.

I have complained before about the languid Western hero. Mr. Newman of *Hombre* makes Mr. Brando of *The Appaloosa* a model of vivacity and animation. Catalepsy is splendid but hardly a substitute for acting. "You haven't moved a muscle in the last hour and a half," Diane Cilento exclaims to Mr. Newman in the course of the film. "You don't get tired, you don't get hungry, you don't get thirsty. Are you real?" Good question.

Hombre is for the Indians as against the whites; and, in a vain effort to give a trivial movie significance, it kills off the hero at the end. It also acknowledges debts, of an unspecified sort, to the Department of Agriculture, the Forest Service, and Anaconda Copper. But the sad fact is that a good moral can not save a bad drama.

Dutchman, "*no normal train*"

Nor can even a bad moral (joke): This is demonstrated by the version of LeRoi Jones's parable *Dutchman*. The parable is a treacherous art form. On the surface, it is an anecdote, casual and lifelike; but, underneath, the author gives us to understand he is letting us in on portentous truths about man and society. So *Dutchman* is, at first glance, all realism: a subway train, rendered in harsh black-and-white photography; naturalistic characters; colloquial dialogue.

But it is evident that this is no normal train. It rumbles endlessly along, rarely stopping, mysteriously acquiring and losing passengers—a mythic train of some sort, a Flying Dutchman of the underground. A blond succubus, with mini-skirt, darting tongue, tousled hair, and infinitely provocative manner, sits beside a Brooks Brothers Negro, flirts with him, embraces him, teases and torments him, and finally goads him into an explosion of violence against the whites. Having forced him to reveal his interior hate, she stabs and kills him. So the white race, forever fascinated (sexually) by the Negro, forever loathing him, forever forces him to affirm his Negritude and then forever lynches him.

Mr. Jones's theme is that whites and Negroes are divided by an impassable, ineradicable, and laudable hatred. Missing no chance to poison the melting pot, he also indicates along the way his low opinion of the Jews. The racial obsessions distort a genuine gift for dialogue and situation and convert what might have been a powerful small film into a queasy polemic. Anthony Harvey, the director, ingeniously organizes the action in a single set without giving the impression of a photographed play; and Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, junior, are excellent in the leads.



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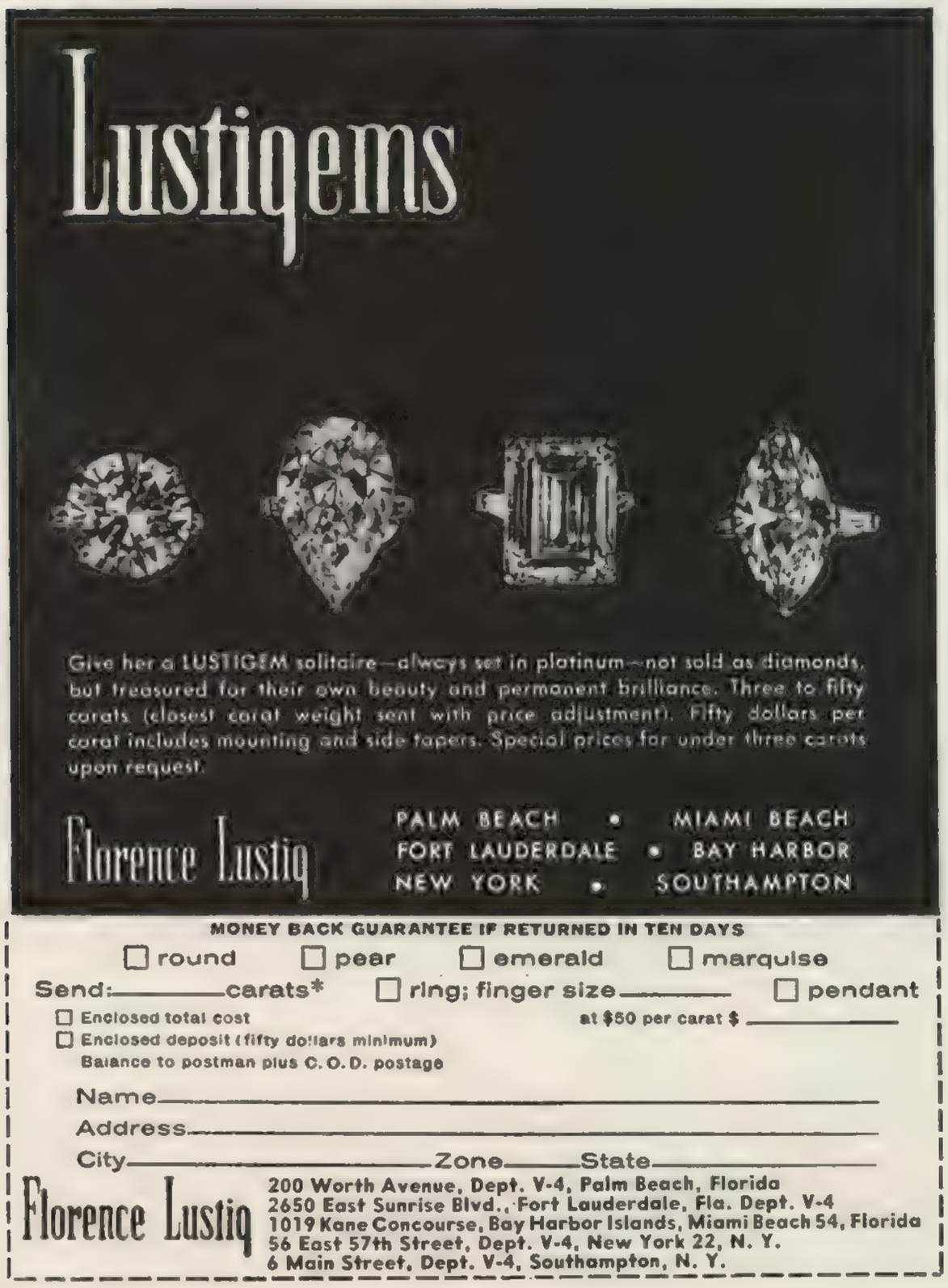
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By ALBERT GOLDMAN

Fathers,

"meanings have been sunk"

Had Herbert Gold's latest book, *Fathers* (published by Random House and taken by the Literary Guild), appeared ten years ago when Jewish family life suddenly became a central subject for American fiction, it would have been warmly received. Even though it is nothing more than a sketchy, anecdotal account of a conventional Jewish type—a hard-driving emigrant who arises every week from the restorative steam of the Russian baths to do battle in his Cleveland fruit market with pesky customers, tough racketeers, and a son who malingers in the cellar reading Edgar Allan Poe—the book would have been devoured by eyes twinkling with the pleasure of recognition. (Actually, two substantial portions were published earlier in slightly different form as the short stories, "The Heart of the Artichoke" and "Aristotle and the Hired Thugs.") Today, however, when we stand at the end of the Jewish Decade, nothing seems more tedious than watching yet another Jewish author stringing his family's clean or dirty linen out on the line.

Apart from our accumulated weariness with this exhausted genre, we realize now that Herbert Gold is far from being a master of it. His recall of the lore of the thirties, his renditions of Jewish manners, his ear for the cockeyed convolutions of Yiddish-English have all been surpassed by subsequent writers. Indeed, the Herbert Gold of ten years ago far surpassed the Herbert Gold of today. Setting aside the sad confession of creative impotence a writer makes when he embeds his old stories in his current work, one is appalled at the way these excellent stories are drained of their interest and impact in this new setting.

When these stories were presented as independent pieces, they folded naturally around thematic cores that enlarged their significance far beyond the family anecdote. The story of how Gold's father hired a couple of thugs to beat up a belligerent local Fascist was received by its first readers not as a reminiscence of the Depression but as a parable endorsing the considered use of force to check anti-Semitism. Similarly, the story of the son's truancy from the store on a busy day and his angry refusal to do the work that degraded him in the eyes of his Gentile girl friend made a strong point about the wrenching conflicts between the first and second generations of American Jews. In *Fathers* all these individual meanings have been sunk and no larger theme comes to the surface in recompense.

Not only has Gold fallen into his anecdotage in this book, he is also guilty of adopting a facile and sentimental tone in dealing with one of the richest human and literary themes: the relations of father and son. Writing more as an adolescent than as an adult, he consistently maintains an attitude of callow hero-worship towards the father and of puerile self-mockery towards himself. Consequently, neither character emerges with any complexity of interest or imaginative reality.

In calling the book *Fathers*, Gold wishes to suggest that eventually the son assumes the paternal identity—as indeed he does to the extent of having children of his own. Certainly, *Fathers* affords no evidence that Herbert Gold has ever applied himself to the important task of correcting through his own experience of manhood that exaggerated and idealized image of the father most of us carry within us as a mark of our enduring childishness.



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Original wood engraving by Bernard Brussel-Smith

"I am not sure that in a great state it is *capable of a remedy;* nor that the evil is in itself always so great as it is represented.

"Suppose we include in the definition of luxury all *unnecessary expense*, and then let us consider whether laws to prevent such expense are possible to be executed in a great country, and whether, if they could be executed, our people generally would be happier, *or even richer.*

"Is not the hope of being one day able to purchase and enjoy luxuries, a great spur to labour and industry?

"May not luxury, therefore, produce more than it consumes, if, without such a spur, people would be, as they are naturally enough inclined to be, lazy and indolent? *To this purpose I remember a circumstance.*

> "The skipper of a shallop, employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service, for which he refused to be paid. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new-fashioned cap.
>
> "*Three years after*, this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it.
>
> " 'But' (said he) 'it proved a dear cap to our congregation.'
>
> "How so?"
>
> " 'When my daughter appeared with it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia, and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost *less than a hundred pounds.*'
>
> " 'True', (said the farmer) 'but you do not tell all the story. I think the cap was nevertheless an advantage to us; for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worsted mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribbons there; *and you know that the industry has continued*, and is likely to continue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes.'
>
> "Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens."

"Poor Richard" put his finger on this simple key to an expanding economy over 200 years ago. So, isn't it strange to find people—well-meaning people—in this country today who still frown on the luxuries most of us work to enjoy? They want the government to restrict the broad range of products and services in the marketplace. And to cut back on advertising because it makes people want things they don't need.

Don't need? Well, of course, no little girl *needs* a bow in her hair. Yet, Mary Murphy will forever top off the apple of her eye with a ribbon. And where would the ribbon factories be without her? And the ribbon clerks?

It is just this very human desire to add the little frills to our living that has created our jobs and our prosperity . . . the ribbon factories and automobile factories and television factories . . . and the most dynamic economy in man's history. Shouldn't we be careful about how we tinker with the forces that have created all this? Because the simple, troubling truth is, nobody knows for sure how far you can regulate our economy without damaging it.

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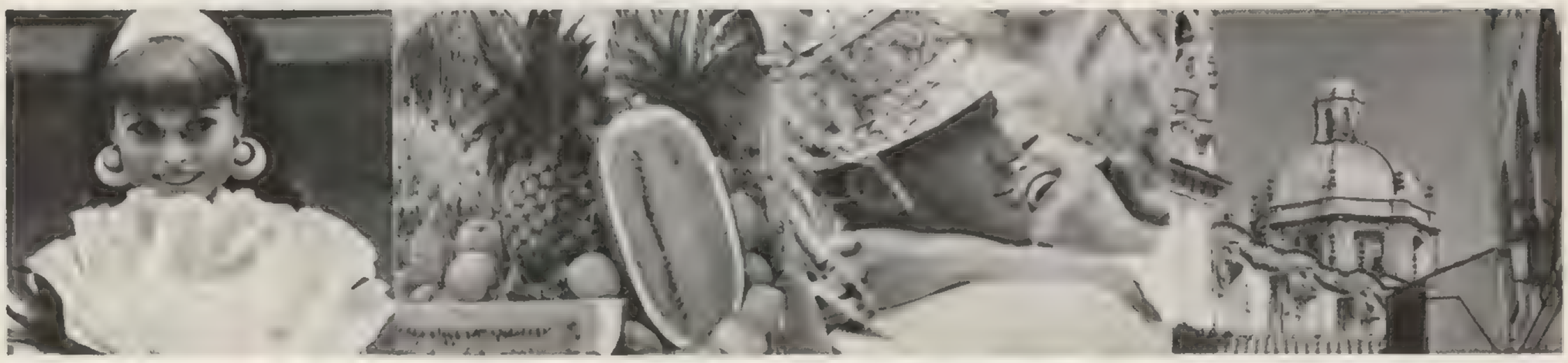
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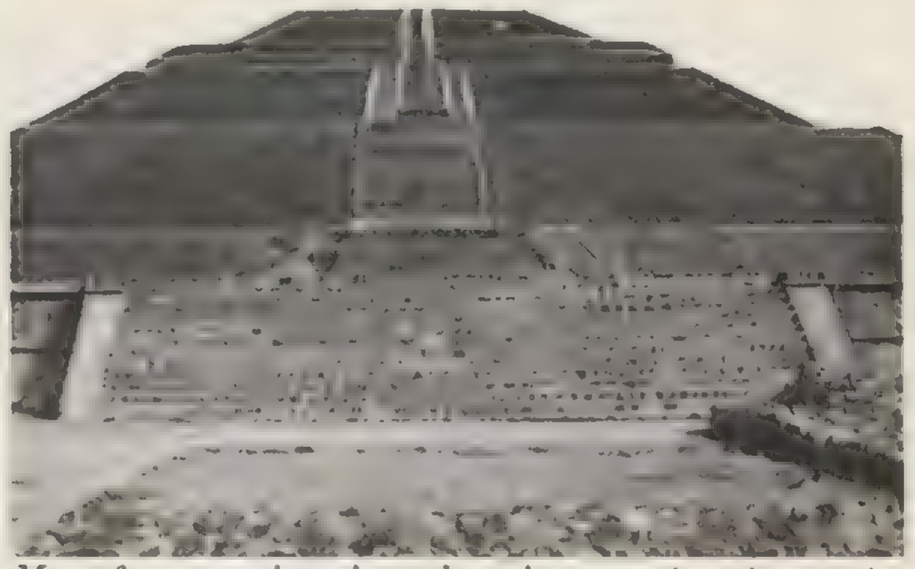












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So you can pack flat—in both the top and the bottom.

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VOGUE CHILDREN

SPRING/SUMMER 1967
60¢
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HOW
TO PLAN
YOUR
CHILD'S
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131
GREAT
LOOKS



THE RIGHT
NEW HAIRCUTS

SOME SPECIAL
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SUMMER FUN
ACROSS THE U.S.A.

Don't miss it ON SALE MARCH 7TH

What's the ugliest part of your body?



You just said, "my feet", didn't you?

That's typical.

Most women feel their feet are the least attractive part of their body.

Up until now all a woman could do was hide them.

But now there's something you can do to make them pretty.

Not just passable. Pretty.

Now there's a product named, appropriately enough, Pretty Feet.

Pretty Feet is a pleasant roll-off lotion.

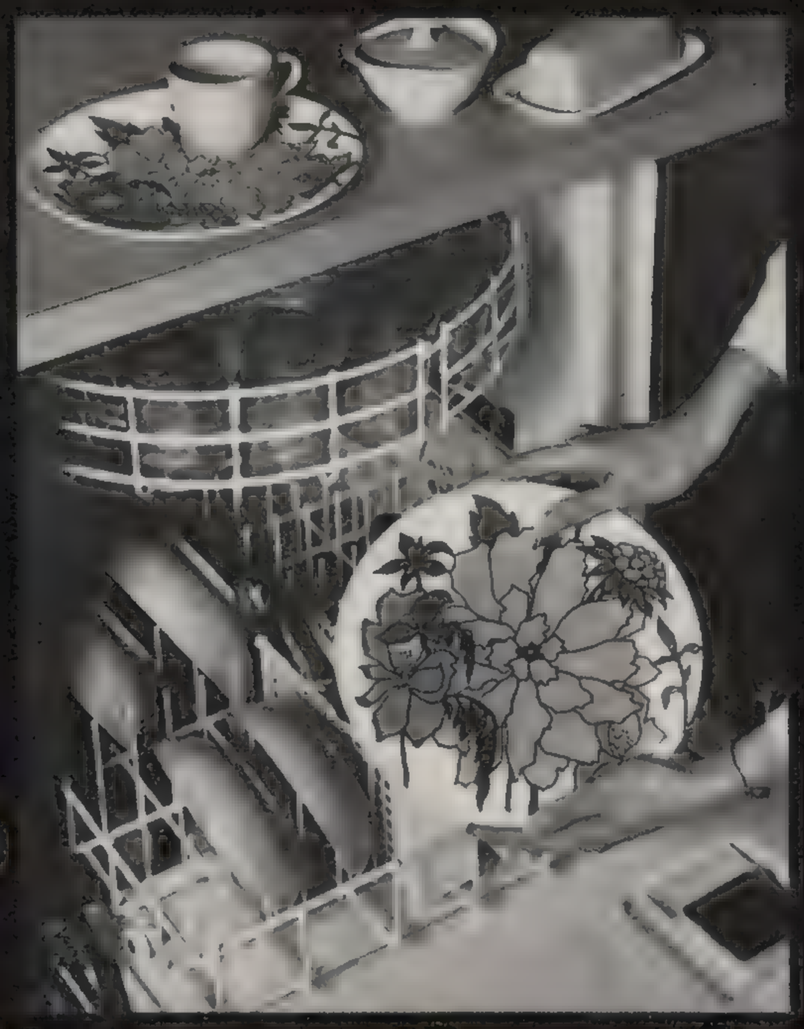
Pour a little on your fingers every day of the week and rub it into your feet.

Then see the rough, dead skin roll right off.

Soon you'll have beautiful feet that can wear open sandals...lovely feet that won't hide in the sand at the beach...smooth feet that won't run stockings...soft feet that will be as sexy as the rest of you.

If you're genuinely interested in making the ugliest part of your body pretty, send 25¢ in coin to cover postage and handling for a sample bottle of Pretty Feet.

Write to Pretty Feet, Dept. V10, Chemway Corporation, Fairfield Road, Wayne, New Jersey.



Every day dish with aplomb.

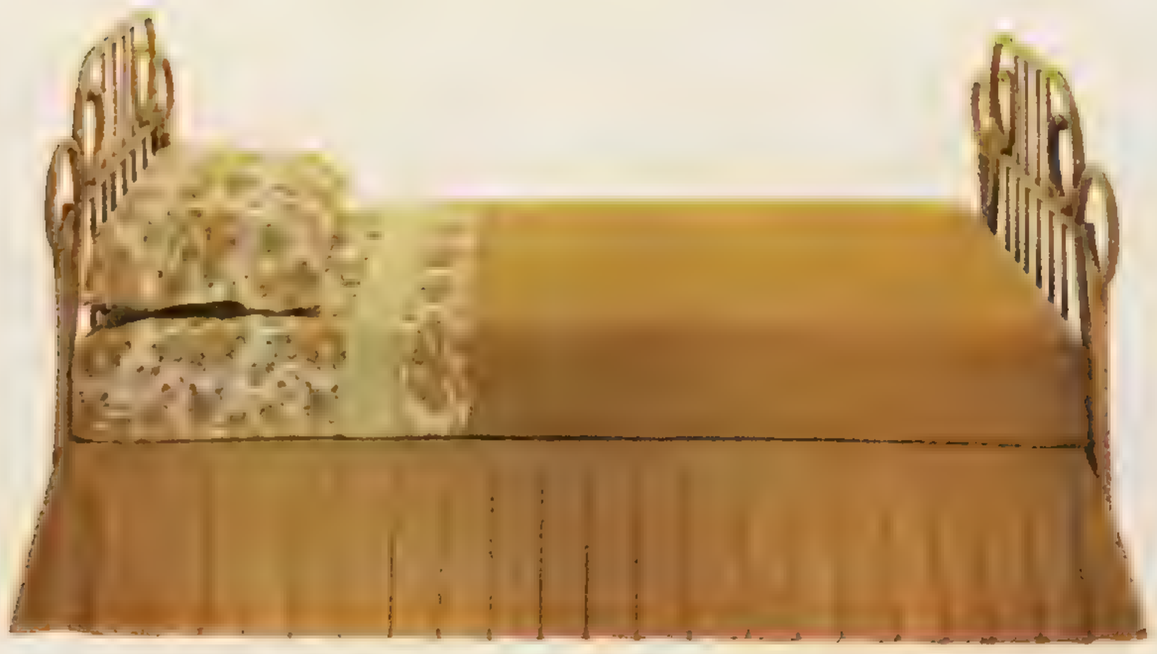
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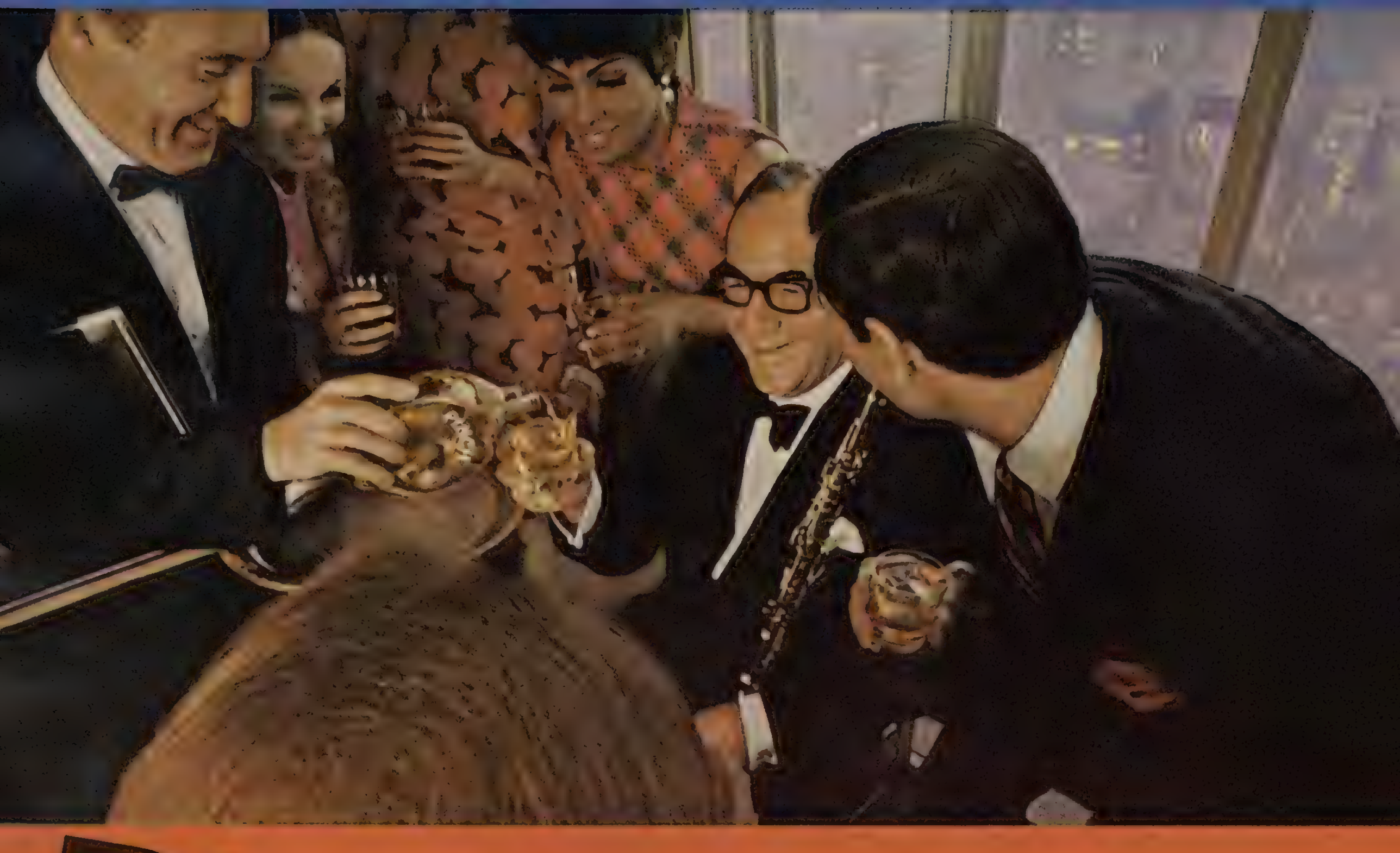
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Fashions from the Four Winds. Wake to flowers and sunlight, and the loveliness of Cannon's Montmartre sheet. Very soft, very French in inspiration. Shown here in petaled yellow, and at fine department stores also in rosy pink or pearly blue. Twin, about $4. Cannon Mills, Inc., N.Y. 10020

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Pinch, please."

Pinch by Haig & Haig. Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof. Imported by Renfield Importers, Ltd., New York.

MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Brooks Brothers stays D B: right through the summer with tropical-weight double-breasted suits for the first time. Terylene-and-worsted suits are $130, and, in the "346" Shop, $105 in Dacron-and-worsted blue-and-navy chalk stripes. ***New York: Bright braces*** have taken the place of bright jacket linings for a great many men . . . things like an outsize chain design in silver on black, multicolour navy signal flags, playing-card figures in strong reds, yellows, black and white. Braces, of brocade ribbon, are $10.50 at Calvin Curtis, 60 East 55th Street, N. Y. 10022. ***Road Preview:*** The International Auto-



mobile Show, April 1 through 9, at the New York Coliseum . . . virtually every foreign and domestic automobile sold here is on view here . . . many, like the new Jaguar 420, Sports Sedan, above, for the first time in this country. ***Be on the lookout:*** for lots of brown in suits, worn with shirts in wide stripes of blue or amber on white. ties in deep madder-brown or rich blue geometric patterns. . . . ***Paris: Le hangover et la cure.*** Two French recipes: dry white wine with lemon juice, topped with Evian mineral water; or, a glass of salted cucumber juice. ***Bill Blass designs*** for men, too, starting this fall. The famous New York designer for women will have a collection for men. . . . Promised: "a total look for the man over thirty; an absence of the tricky . . . a British approach to tailoring."

New York: Michael Caine, back at his ho-

tel suite. took off his navy-blue jacket, slipped the knot of a navy silk tie, unbuttoned the collar of his pale-blue shirt, adjusted the horn-rimmed spectacles with blue-tinted lenses, and sank into a chair in his Plaza Hotel suite . . . that's how an interview begins with the biggest new star in films . . . currently, top draw in *Funeral in Berlin, Gambit,* and *Hurry Sundown* . . . next, the *Billion Dollar Brain.* . . . An almost deceptively casual man who hasn't the patience for Movie Star false fronts, he lights another cigarette, peers through the trademark spectacles "they're very slightly tinted to kill as much studio light as possible, and I wear them constantly . . . I hide my eyes behind them, too . . . when I was a kid I was nicknamed 'snake eyes' and I'm still sensitive about it." On the cocktail table, cigarettes, a gold lighter, and a bottle of mineral water. "I never drink anything but red wine, or Sangría. Is there a good place for Sangría in New York? In London, I sort of fall into a restaurant called Alvaro's. You can have spaghetti and very good Italian food with no one staring or asking for an autograph. Everyone is quite cool about things. The only place I've found in New York like that is P. J. Clarke's, and it's one of the few informal places in New York. . . . New York tends to be even more formal than London . . . not that I'm one of those people who try to create some Socialistic furore by showing up in sweaters when everyone is in black tie. If you don't want to dress for the party, stay at home. . . . But I'm not a fetishist about clothes. I believe that if you buy the best things you can, you can forget about them and look well. If you're very conscious of wearing a very nice suit, that's a very wrong attitude. . . . I have my suits made by Doug Hayward. He's young, and has very good ideas. I have my shirts made at Turnbull & Asser. I always have them made in blue, with a button-down collar, because those damned bone things keep getting lost . . . but I have them made with French cuffs. One thing I'm very concerned about is shoes . . . being in the Infantry in Korea taught me how important clean, dry shoes are. Athlete's foot was just around the corner otherwise. I buy most of my shoes right here in Fifth Avenue at Gucci. . . . The only real rule I follow in dressing is that you wear whatever you like, so long as no one is offended by it. That's really what politeness is all about anyway, isn't it?"





JACK ROBINSON

Scandia's Darlings look younger and younger.

It takes artful makeup—and plenty of it—to look artlessly, adorably, un-madeup young. ☐ With a creamy, dreamy, magnolia-petal skin that comes from a petal-giving make-up called Make-a-Tint. ☐ Make-a-Tint's coverage is so delicate, so silken that a fingertip-full will go over your face perfectly, hiding blemishes and booboos, leaving your skin as supple and radiant as a child's.



☐ (With never a memory of the tight, stage-y, cake-made mask that used to be necessary to conceal flaws.) ☐ Make-a-Tint comes in nine skin-loving shades. The formula is so special that any one of them can be worn by Scandia's artful darlings.

SCANDIA

APRIL 1, 1967

VOGUE's EYE VIEW: JOURNEY TO THE *LIGHT*

Light is silver-white in Greece. Gold in Egypt. Copper-gold in the Basque country. Strong and blue-white in northern Brazil. Asperate and wheat-yellow in Mexico. The light of London is Turner light—soft, grey, misty. And the greys and silvery blues of the Loire are the subtlest of all lights, delicate and faintly *pétillant*, like a young Vouvray.... The light from all skies, from all countries and seasons is different, and our memories of where we have been are shaped and coloured by it forever: More than smells and sounds, it is the memory of light—of pale-copper-to-pink Atlantic reflecting into desert sky, with a miniature, lumbering, sable silhouette of twenty camels across a bright pink-gold horizon—that instantly recreates Morocco... and it is the recollection of how the sun spreads through azure sky and piles of foaming clouds, and refracts from the blue sea beneath, that brings back the fullness and beauty of Equatorial light....Light is magic; we travel to it and through it, and we bring it back in our minds, like treasure....On these pages, Veruschka is the traveller and the source of light, the Libyan desert. All the fashions, timeless as the sun country that inspired them, were designed by Veruschka for Strega. All her coiffures, also out of a Pharoah's world, were arranged by Ara Gallant with Tovar-Tresses Dynel falls.

Elongated sidelock coiffure profiled against Sahara sun. Short one-sleeved kalasiris in printed brown linen above a white linen kilt belted in the gold of kings. Both, in Irish Looms fabric. To order: Saks Fifth Avenue.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

JOURNEY TO THE LIGHT

Sun-disc hair,
right, like the
source of light worshipped
in the desert past.
Sun-stripes, above,
reflecting the gold of
burnished desert light—gilt
circled on transparent organza.
Djellaba, in Gladstone fabric.
To order: Saks Fifth Avenue.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



...LIGHT

Profile to the sun, right—hair elongated with a young Egyptian god's sidelock. Heliotrope, above, turning to sun light, mirrored in water light—the gilt-plaited ribbon bodice, the satin kilt over lilac silk chiffon pleats. To order: Saks Fifth Avenue.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



Cool sun,
bluish light—
filtering down on a braided
wig like Hatshepsut's, right.
Chill-silver lamé leather,
above, harnessing a long
printed linen skirt of
night-cold blue—a kalasiris,
in Irish Looms fabric.
To order: Saks Fifth Avenue.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



SOME CLOTHES HAVE A KNACK:

WHEREVER YOU ARE, AT WHATEVER TIME OF YEAR, THERE THEY ARE – RIGHT, MARVELLOUS LOOKING, NEVER NEVER NEVER OUT OF SEASON...

TAKE THE KNITS HERE. TAKE THEM ANYWHERE. ANY TIME. THEY'RE READY WHEN YOU ARE ...RARING TO GO.

PENN

A stripy knit coat and a dress to go with it, far left and below: not for the hottest day of the year and not for the coldest. But on any other day, any place on earth—isn't this a nifty way to look? You bet it is....The coat: brown and oatmeal stripes, lightly shaped, wide-skirted, belted in back. The dress: oatmeal knit, squared at the neck, squared under the arms. Both by Kimberly, of wool knit; about $145. Vendôme loop earrings, Cadoro clear and opaque bangles, Bagatelle bag. Bonnie Doon stockings. All at Bloomingdale's. Dress and coat, also at Hutzler's; Hudson's; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Golo shoes. De Nicola white bracelets. Bicolour ball earrings by Sant Angelo for Vendôme. These eight pages: Ara Gallant coiffures; Tovar-Tresses Dynel hairpieces and Marshall Imports real hairpieces.

SAY YOU'RE GOING ANY EVENING. TO DO WITH THE PURPLE JERSEY THEY'RE WHAT NEVER-





This black cage of chiffon, left, falls away from a bow-tied satin-stroked halter neck—and simply whirls like a dervish. Schreiner earrings. Both, at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. White satin sash, acres of skirt, above—and the most romantic neckline ever cut out of black chiffon. Mimi di N earrings. Both: Bonwit Teller. Dress: I. Magnin. Evins silver sandals. This page: Sarmi dresses; Stern & Stern silk. Turkish—and other delights, right: Purple jersey wrapped at the waist then puffed into little haremy pantaloons—discreet as any short dress, and full of fun. Chester Weinberg, Pomezia silk; about $160. Marvella earrings. Both: Henri Bendel. Pantaloons: Woodward & Lothrop; Halle Bros. Fabiola necklace. Bonnie Doon silvered pantie stockings. Mademoiselle slippers.

PENN

TO A MARVELLOUS PARTY SOME EVENING.

NEVER MIND WHEN. WHEN HAS NOTHING

LIKES OF FLOATY BLACK CHIFFON OR

CUT LIKE LITTLE HAREM TROUSERS...

OUT-OF-SEASON DRESSING IS ALL

ABOUT, ALL-TIME DREAMBOATS.



LITTLE WHITE WOOLS. LITTLE

IT'S WARM WITH A CARDIGAN

THEM WHEN IT'S COOL UN-

UNDER FURS WHEN IT'S COLD...

THEY'RE THE SALT OF THE EARTH,



PALE KNITS... YOU WEAR THEM WHEN KNOTTED ON YOUR SHOULDERS. WEAR DER AN UNLINED COAT. WEAR THEM WEAR AND WEAR AND WEAR THEM— ANYWHERE ON EARTH.



PENN

Whatever you want it to be, that's what the slashed and belted white knit, far left, is. Dining-out-in-summer dress? Turn up the sparkle. Day-in-the-souks-of-Marrakech dress? Turn it down. By Trigère; Racine wool jersey. Bonwit Teller; Gidding-Jenny; Sakowitz. Michael Hic jewelled seashell earrings. Majorica necklaces, Lord & Taylor. Consider the white wool dinner dress, centre, baby-sleeved, high-waisted... take away the black silk sash, put white leather in its place, and what have you got? A perfect little dress for 365-you-know-what a year. Mollie Parnis; about $185. K. J. L. earrings. Both, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Neiman-Marcus. The lime that's always in season, left: jersey, naturally—belted in white leather, easy as pie. A wool mark dress by Adele Simpson; about $125. Ben King belt. Julianelli shoes. All: Lord & Taylor. Dress: Burdine's; Joseph Magnin. Braemar cashmere cardigan. Mary Carmen ring. Here and opposite: Berkshire embroidered white net stockings.



YOU HAVE A DRESS—

WITH JEWELLED

JANUARY. YOU NEVER



A CRÊPE DRESS—A KNIT—A PURPLE DRESS

BANDS. YOU WEAR IT IN APRIL. JUNE.

DREAM OF GIVING IT A SEASON OFF.

WHAT,

NEVER?

NO, NEVER.



White crêpe, far left, fluid and forever, gathered to a brown neckband, with brown-banded shoulders open under the arms. By Harold Levine, of Couleur silk; about $125. Michael Hic earrings. K.J.L. rings. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Higbee; Rich's; Frost Bros. The knit that doesn't miss a day, left: turtlenecked stripes—orange, green, grey. Scott Barrie for Windham Couture, Jasco wool jersey; about $70. Altman's, Studio 3. Ruza Creations bracelet: Altman's. Michael Hic earrings. Bonnie Doon pantie stockings. Golo shoes. Never-out-of-purple, right: the seasonless little-dinner dress flush with pale-pink bands and jewel embroidery. By Christian Dior-New York, of treebark-grained rayon. At Bergdorf Goodman; L.S. Ayres; Montaldo's; Bullock's-Wilshire. Mimi di N earrings. Bonnie Doon silver pantie stockings. Evins bowed silver sandals.

PENN



THE LITTLE *brown* DRESS

Get yourself a brown dress this summer; it's the Ford of the season, everybody's friend in fashion...the dress that goes everywhere. It can be one piece or two. It can be linen, cotton, knit, organza, or one of the crisp, delicious summery blends....Most of all, it can be your own—the dress that puts you at your ease and on the ball. The dress that shows your skin in *your* prettiest way. The dress you don't have to *do* things to...you add some corals at your throat and eliminate everything else. Or you add a shiny white raincoat and tie up your head in a purple scarf. Or a bright yellow cardigan. Or you bang on a big straw planter's hat, put bare red sandals on your feet...and go to town in brown.

The big zippers, left, do it up brown—two, working both sides of a mocha-brown dress. Marie McCarthy for Larry Aldrich, of Irish Looms linen; about $100. Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Frederick & Nelson. Earrings: Smith St. Jacques. Evins sandals. Marshall Imports hairpieces.

Harnessed linen, right, cowled, lightly shaped, running rings around bareness. By Christian Dior-New York; about $185. Mimi di N earrings. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Gidding-Jenny; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. Tovar-Tresses Dynel hairpieces. These twelve pages: Ara Gallant coiffures.

Mocha-brown linen, zipped on the double

AVEDON



Dark-brown linen, harnessed on bareness



Baby-brown eyelet, sashed and dirndled

THE LITTLE *brown* DRESS

Here's a love, left, and in cotton eyelet, which couldn't be more delectable for summer, with a brown taffeta sash crushed way way up on the waist . . . very snug and small on top, then a puff of skirt, and underneath there's a brown taffeta slip merrily rustling away. By Marie McCarthy for Larry Aldrich, of eyelet fabric by Schwerzler; about $125. At Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. Mimi di N earrings, Altman's. Mary Grey thong-toe stockings. Schiaparelli sandals. The dress, right, to charm the birds out of the trees—lineny chocolaty brown with a tiny stitched-down top, opening up quickly into fullness, and lots of dear little covered buttons closing the bodice in back. By Junior Sophisticates, of Fortrel and rayon (Cohama fabric); about $60. Vendôme earrings. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Frost Bros. Hanes seamless stockings. Golo shoes. Both pages: Tovar-Tresses Dynel hairpieces.



Pretty-baby brown, pleated and bounced

THE LITTLE *brown* DRESS

Bravo-brown linen, left: a squared, high-yoked top and very short A-skirt with big pockets on the side—neat, clean lines in bitter-chocolate brown linen. By Sloat, of Moygashel linen. Top, about $30; skirt, about $27. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; H & S Pogue; I. Magnin. Laguna earrings. Shiny red shoes by Golo. Go go, bright brown, near right, from lunch right on through dinner, nonstop. Small, bare bodice deeply V'd front and back; a high lightly gathered skirt . . . and, not seen here, a teeny sleeveless bolero to match. Costume by Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch; Moygashel linen. About $190. At Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Woodward & Lothrop; I. Magnin, end of April. Mimi di N earrings: Altman's. Julianelli shoes. Late-day asymmetrics, far right: a fluid little tube of espresso-brown crêpe hung on a diagonal, one-shoulder band. By Raffaele Leone, of Bianchini silk. About $90. At Best & Co.; Sakowitz; Frederick & Nelson. Vendôme earrings, Altman's. Schiaparelli sandals. On both pages: Hanes stockings, Lord & Taylor. Tovar-Tresses Dynel hairpieces.

Two-piece brown linen

AVEDON

Nonstop
bright brown

Expresso-
brown crêpe
asymmetrics



Side-buttoned mocha with an uneven hem

THE LITTLE *brown* DRESS

Mocha with everything, left: V neck, side closing, hem curved up to show a long stretch of leg, shoulders cut out to show lots of smooth, shiny, suntanned skin—the little brown linen that lets summer in. By Chester Weinberg, of Moygashel linen; about $100. At Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Halle Bros.; I. Magnin. Michael Hic earrings, at Henri Bendel. Hanes seamless stockings and Julianelli orange patent leather pumps with drawer-pull buckles: Lord & Taylor. Two pieces of chocolate, right: little bit of a jacket, short and carved, with white-chalk buttons fastening on the side; and a skirt with real fullness and bounce to it—browning version of the suit-shape of the year. By Christian Mann for Marquise, of Courtaulds rayon and cotton (Cohama fabric); about $100. K.J.L. earrings. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. The suit-dress, also at Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus. On both pages, her hair hangs down in ring-e-lets of Dynel—all Tovar-Tresses hairpieces.

Two-piece dress, side-buttoned chocolate



Flamenco-brown organza flounced to beat the band

Olé, brown dress, left, you are a dream in organza—with a bare, handkerchief-wrapped bodice, a sash tied to the side, skirt with a deep flamenco flounce. By Chester Weinberg; Stern & Stern silk. About $160. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Neusteters. Mary Grey stockings. Sandals by Schiaparelli. Dynel hairpieces, Tovar-Tresses. Only you, brown dress, right, could look so romantic on a summer night—smoke-brown organza sashed high on the waist, a row of tiny buttons lined up on each shoulder, a smoke-swirl of flounced skirt. By Kasper for Joan Leslie, of silk and polyester (Apsco Fabrics). About $90. At Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Evins sandals. Marshall Imports hairpieces. On both pages: Charles Elkaim earrings, at Henri Bendel.

THE LITTLE *brown* DRESS

AVEDON

Romantic-
brown organza
sashed high
and flounced

THE LITTLE *brown* DRESS

Harness the sun, left: brown linen with a back-baring, front-plunging harness top; a dirndl held high by a wide black-satin rhinestone-buckled belt. By Dominic for Matty Talmack, of Moreau-TSM linen. About $235. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus. Dangle earrings by Charles Elkaim, at Henri Bendel.

Bare-brown linen, harnessed and belted

Great new place for pleats, near right: wing them out under the arms from a small, bare-shouldered top—this brown linen swinger finds its place in the sun. By Anne Fogarty. About $55. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Hudson's. Sandals by Evins.

Two-piece brown dress, far right: a high-yoked overblouse belted high in a crush of white leather; a skirt lightly dirndled. A winner in ribbed chocolatey brown. By Chuck Howard of Townley, of Kodel and rayon (Cohama fabric). About $110. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. All earrings opposite, by Sant Angelo for Vendôme. On both these pages: Marshall Imports hairpieces.

AVEDON

Sunny-brown linen, side-pleated and swinging

Two-piece brown, belted high in white leather

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The fight over the C.I.A. giving money, undercover, to various American organizations, including student and labour ones, thus jolting a country which for fun delights in spy novels and spy movies set in other lands. . . . The spirited, fresh sound of the pop players, the Buffalo Springfield group, of the Jefferson Airplane bunch, of Tina Turner singing "River Deep, Mountain High," a passionate, powerful wail. . . . The young crush on wearing uniforms, with New Yorkers wanting London policemen's tunics and Londoners wanting the black capes with weighted hems of the Paris police.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The will, the intensity, the grapple of emotions when Martha Graham dances the rôle of Hecuba, her pared face like a Benin sculpture, in her newest production "Cortege of Eagles" with its male chorus cleaving the air in marvellous forms. . . . *The New London Spy*, a discreet, personal guide to London's pleasures, compiled by Hunter Davies whose expert aides are often indiscreet, which is what everyone wants.

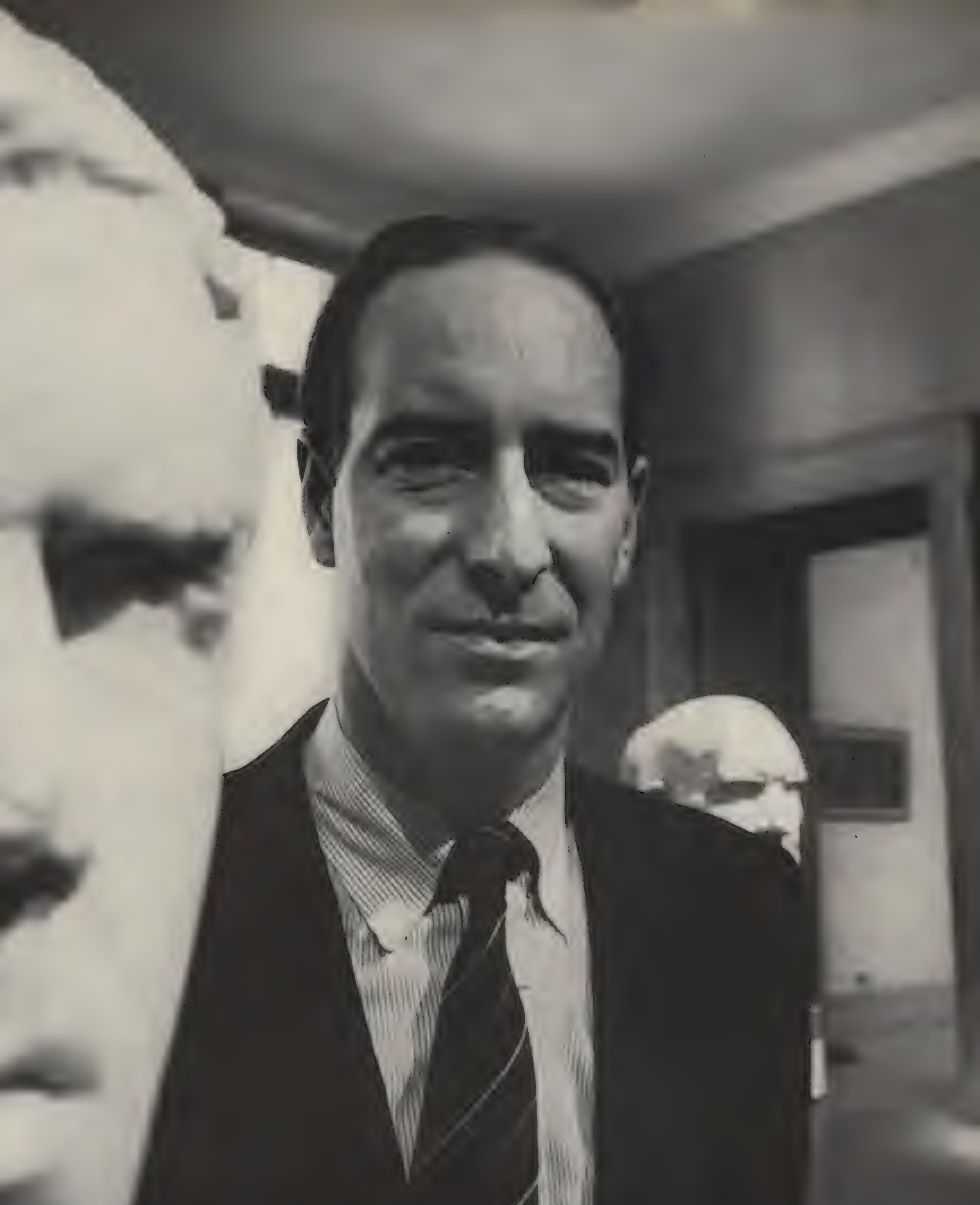
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The skin dive into the feminine psyche in the new Ingmar Bergman film, *Persona;* it is like a disturbing, drugged experience, with two superlative performances by Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann, all against a Baltic seascape, in a Baudelairian trance. . . . The vigorous sweep of Mstislav Rostropovich, the great controversial Russian cellist who is playing almost all the great works for orchestra and cello on his present tour; on stage, after a notable triumphant show of technique or tenderness, he is apt to give the conductor a small, cat smile.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The Groucho Letters*, a collection of kooked letters to and from Groucho Marx who writes the way he lopes—odd, funny, unlike anyone else. In one letter he wrote: "This year my sponsors are Toni, who also make Paper Mate pens (how they do it I don't know, but I believe they take bobby pins and pour ink over them. Then they test it. If it writes on margarine, it means it will curl your hair in 20 minutes)."

THOMAS P. F. HOVING, the new director of The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, is a thirty-six-year-old scholar with a wild roving sense of gaiety. Long-faced, attractive, casual as a sketch, he possesses impressive dignity plus a showman's ability to get instant attention even without funny hats. Recently when he stood in one of the Museum's galleries, a trio of boys stopped by to tell him that they had seen him on Alan Burke's television show. Hoving stayed on talking to the boys. Nice, adult gossip. Just as he changed the city's impression of the New York parks—good for muggers, hard for people—with his wise antics, Hoving Happenings, he will try to change the dolorous stuffiness of the Museum. This time not with capers but with even more scholarship. He will knock out the greyness. Among his first projects is a big exhibition of American art, using only works acquired by the Museum in the last five years. He wants to replace chaos in that field with detachment, with perspective. When Hoving first came to the Metropolitan in 1959, he was allowed to help glue the shelves holding Roman portrait heads, rose to be curator both of the Department of Mediaeval Arts and of The Cloisters. Among his duties then: liaison between the Museum's director and the art markets of the world. Someone said that Hoving promised the Museum's Board of Trustees not to roller-skate in the corridors.



BRUCE DAVIDSON





5 PEOPLE WHO GO PLACES— THEIR TRAVEL NOTES

China

"Red Guards, gardens, and the Great Wall"



BY
ELIZINHA MOREIRA SALLES

Quick-witted, knowledgeable, Brazilian and beautiful, Elizinha Moreira Salles is the wife of the important Brazilian banker Senhor Walther Moreira Salles, former Finance Minister of Brazil and twice its Ambassador to the United States. Based in Paris and Rio de Janeiro, Senhora Moreira Salles, an observant and frequent traveller, went last October to the Chinese People's Republic on a special journey with a group organized by the French magazine *Connaissance des Arts*. The impressions here are excerpts from an interview with Senhora Moreira Salles taped in Paris the day after her return from Communist China.

In Red China, on the way from the Shanghai airport we were each given all the books on the Revolution and a red ribbon with little medals and a miniature replica of the head of Mao on it to wear always when we went out. We were told not to lose it for anything in the world.

Shanghai gave no feeling of being a Chinese city. Absolutely modern, with identical square ugly buildings, this city, one of the largest in the world, was a shambles. Everything seemed to be collapsing into one enormous slum. The first impression, however, was of very large avenues. All the roads in China were good; even excessively good. Everywhere, portraits of Mao hung from the roofs to the first floors. Enormous signs flashed the words of Mao. Everything was red —a nightmare—and the noise! Loudspeakers blared, and the Chinese paraded all day long, with masses of children and grown-ups making a terrible din on drums. They all spoke very loudly, often in that high, cat-like shriek we knew from the Chinese opera. It was like the Semana Santa in Spain, only, instead of the Christ, the crowd carried photographs of Mao.

We heard the song "The Good Navigator" so continuously everywhere in China—"It takes a good navigator," that was Mao, of course, "to cross the sea"—that we came to joke about it, and asked what had happened if we failed to hear it for fifteen minutes. The one other song ever played, "The Red Star," from a film about the War of Liberation and the Great March, was very beautiful.

The hotel built in Shanghai by Sir Victor Sassoon dripped with glories of the past: tattered red velvet, tarnished gilt, all the curtains falling down. It smelled awful. Hotels were filthy. I felt the bathrooms had never been cleaned since they were built. On the other hand, everything planned to give a first impression, all public property, was clean. In Shanghai the tiny airport, for instance, was very comfortable.

The first night, after dinner in the hotel, we went out for a walk. Immediately Red Guards encircled us and started applauding us. As we walked, we saw little girls sitting in circles reading the *Thoughts of Mao Tse-tung*. This impressed me, for they did it naturally. As we travelled, we saw people everywhere reading Mao, we felt at times that they read for our benefit, but this could not have been planned.

Other children danced their dances which always had something to do with war, but they danced with beautiful gestures, the gestures of *blanc de Chine* figurines. I had never seen more beautiful hands in my life. Compared to the fantastic quality of Chinese children's skin, the famous English complexion is nothing.

These children were all dressed alike, *but*. . . . In a Communist country we thought everyone should be alike, but wherever we went we saw differences. Uniforms with the same military cut varied with the status of the wearers. Slightly better cuts, slightly better materials. People fully aware of the scheme of qualities and colours knew exactly how to place anyone in China. Colours of cars, for instance, meant something. A black car indicated the highest level of official. A grey car, I think, came next. I don't remember the exact colour hierarchy, but most people, of course, had no cars at all.

Nothing ever seemed to close in China. There were no vacations, we understood, because, since everyone (Continued on next page)

A NOISY YOUNG CROWD, CARRYING A PORTRAIT OF MAO TSE-TUNG— ONE OF CHINA'S MOST CONSTANT SCENES TODAY, HERE IN PEIHAI PARK, PEKING

DE ROSE

China

worked for himself and for the State, there was "no reason" for vacations. The people had one day off a week in theory, but no one seemed to want to take it for fear that they would not be well thought of. (The size of a worker's retirement pension depended on the strength of his ideology.)

Small shops stayed open well into the night every night. Large department stores closed around eight or nine. To buy sneakers for the trip to the Great Wall—where there were, indeed, terribly slippery spots—I went to the Friendship store for foreigners. I found sneakers for 3.5 yen ($1.75), but not in my size. The guide kindly took me to the store next door where the Chinese shopped. There, exactly the same shoes cost more, 4.88 yen. (Incidentally, a phonograph that cost two hundred yen in Shanghai, I discovered later in Hong Kong for fifty.)

On a Sunday in Shanghai we toured the Exposition Palace (which was the Palace of Russo-Chinese Friendship, until friendship failed). Here, the exhibitions of Chinese goods often looked curiously American: flowered bath towels with the typical Lord & Taylor rose, for example. But the quality was bad, and everything seemed poorly made except for hospital equipment.

At the Exposition Palace we heard for the first time the fable of the Mad Old Man, a fable repeatedly drummed at us. The story told of an old man who inherited some poor land. Behind his house was a mountain; and on the other side of the mountain, fertile soil. The old man decided to take away the mountain. Little by little he worked away at the mountain and everyone called him an old fool to want to do away with a whole mountain, but he said: "I am going to try. Perhaps it will not be done in my lifetime, but my children will also try, and my grandchildren, and one day the mountain will be gone." The old man worked so hard that one fine day a good genie took pity on him and when the old man awoke the next morning the mountain had disappeared.

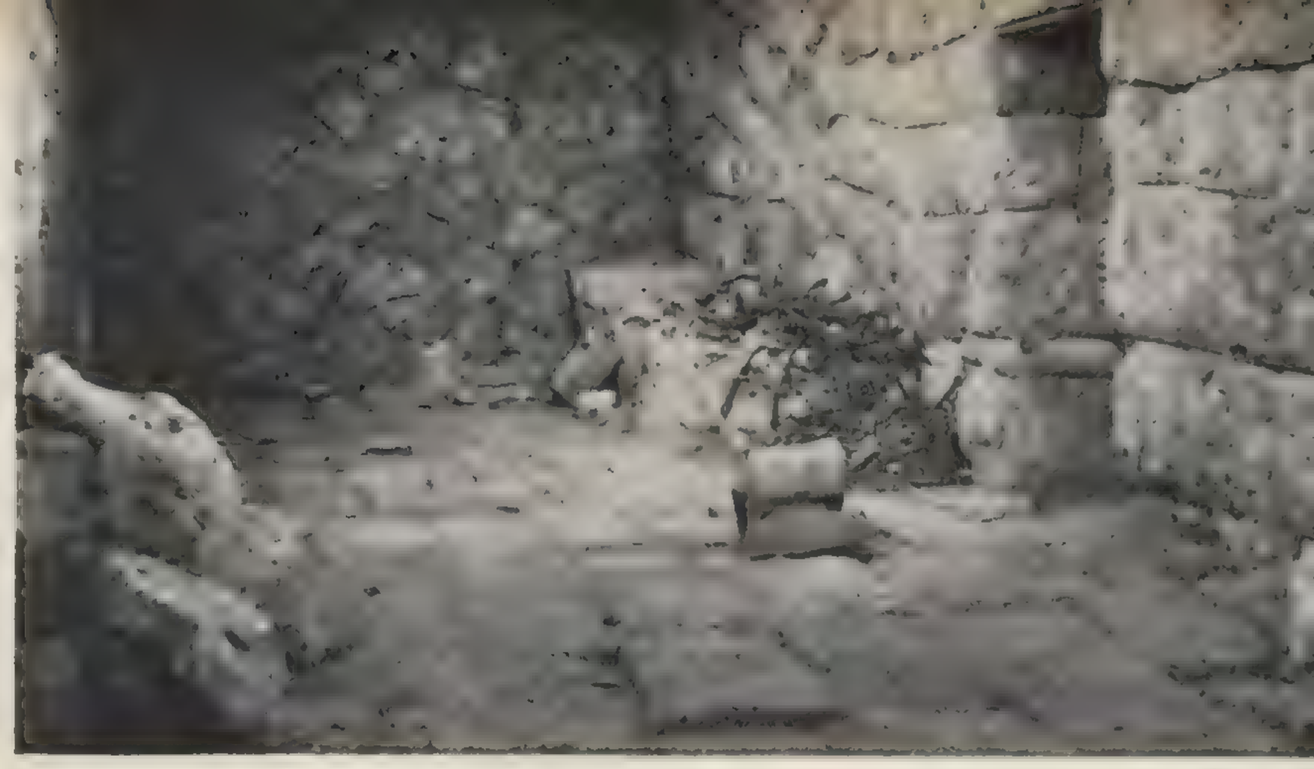
After the story we were always told that, of course, there were no good genies but Mao, but if you read the *Thoughts of Mao* and did as Mao said, all the mountains would disappear. Everywhere we went we heard this childish story, including a time in Hangchow when we visited a silk factory named "Red Orient." No heat in cold weather, no air conditioning in hot, the working conditions and methods in factories were mediaeval. One point about Chinese factories: the exteriors looked ravishing, with flowers and trees and allées. But inside—like hundreds of years ago.

The instant propaganda fascinated us. Any grist for the mill turned up immediately, on billboards, on television, in the theatre. One evening in Shanghai we saw the extraordinary acrobats at the Shanghai Theatre and saw a half-hour-long play about a hero of an accident that had taken place only a week before. One of the victims of a disastrous oil fire had died shouting not for help, but, "Long live the cultural proletarian revolution and long live Chairman Mao."

After the play about this hero the audience stood and read aloud from papers handed out at the door, saying they promised to go on with the cultural revolution, following in the footsteps of this man who died for the revolution and for them.

Other plays followed about the eighteen items of the cultural revolution. Between plays everyone stood and read from the little red book *Thoughts of Mao*. A whole theatre of people reading aloud like a Protestant congregation! It petrified us.

Wherever we went to see something in China, this happened first: We were seated around a table and given tea (Continued on page 191)



IN THE NECROMANTEION, REMAINS OF THE CAULDRON NEAR THE STEPS THAT SUPPLIANTS MOUNTED TO ADDRESS DEPARTED SOULS.

Greece

"My visit to Hades"



BY DOLLY GOULANDRIS

Grecian, with flashing brown eyes and a deep serenity that tacks smoothly on waves of electric exuberance, Mrs. Nicholas Goulandris writes and photographs as she travels. A sunchaser, she winters in Nassau at Lyford Cay where the Goulandris villa, Olympiakos—thought by Bahamians to mean "Home of the Gods"—is actually named for the crack Greek soccer team. Her summers belong to Greece: to a house on the island of Skyros; to a vast Athenian apartment that holds her collection of rare Cycladic art—the subject of a new book to be published in September—and to odyssean cruises aboard the "Vagrant," the 108-foot Goulandris yacht from which she explored the mysterious Kingdom of Hades.

"If you go to Párga, tomorrow, you must visit the Necromanteion, the oracle of the dead," said a friend dining aboard our yacht, "Vagrant." The sound of the word Necromanteion was chilling, although it was a warm summer night. This was the sacred site on the banks of Acheron river which the ancient Greeks believed to be the entrance to the Kingdom of Hades.

As celebrated in ancient times, as the oracles of Delphi and Dodona, the Necromanteion was rediscovered and excavated only during the last five years. Few people know of it, fewer have breached its remote and mysterious shores.

The next day, we sailed across the Ionian Sea towards Párga, a town on the northwest coast of Greece, and anchored at Ammoudia, a stretch of pagan beach in an enchanting rock-rimmed bay. In a motor launch we drifted up a small river banked with reeds and willows. Taxis, ordered ahead in Párga, followed our course slowly on shore. River turtles swam through patches of water lilies; frightened cranes and evil-looking birds of prey took flight. Up this river, it was believed, souls were rowed by the old man Charon to the entrance of Hades. To pay for the trip, bodies were buried with obols in their mouths, for Charon was said to be stingy. The souls of the poor who couldn't afford the fare were left to wander restlessly.

Before reaching the village of Mesopotamon, the river became more shallow and, with drifting logs, difficult to navigate. We decided to disembark and continue by taxi to Mesopotamon. Pointing above the clutch of shacks to a small whitewashed chapel standing on a low hill, the taxi driver said, "That is the Necromanteion."

Village children, chattering in a dialect unknown to us, crowded around our taxis when we stopped. One of them volunteered to call the guide, but as he was working in the fields, his wife offered to lead us. Climbing up a hill, we came to enor-

mous walls made of huge polygonal stones which enclosed a large courtyard. The remains of the partitions appeared to have walled off private rooms for visitors or priests. Another impressive gate opened into a corridor which led to three more small rooms. Remnants of a terra-cotta bath were clearly visible in the last room opening into another long corridor with a gate next to a large pile of stones.

"What are the stones for?" I asked our guide. "These were for the visitor to take and throw behind him to ward off the evil spirit," she explained. "As we say in the village, 'he threw a black stone behind him' and he never came back!" Although this is still a common saying in many Greek villages, and I had heard the expression often, I did not know its origin.

At the end of the second corridor, our guide led us into a third corridor with thick six-foot-tall walls, a twisting labyrinth stopped short by a small iron door.

In ancient times, the pilgrim who wished to communicate with the dead would arrive with his offerings: milk, honey, and a small pig. After being greeted by priests who received his offerings, he would be led into one of the small chambers where he spent several days, presumably purifying himself. The pilgrim was fed on the ancient equivalent of LSD, local dried beans—*Vicia Faba Equina*—which produced hallucinations and stimulated the senses. The celebrated Delphic oracle, Pythia, is said to have eaten the same beans to nourish her talent for prophecy.

The pilgrim was taken to the last chamber and bathed in the terra-cotta bathtub we had passed, before being led half-drugged towards the second long corridor. Before entering, he would pick up a stone and throw it over his shoulder to thwart the ill will of the dead. Here, the offerings were made to the gods of the underworld: Milk and honey were poured over the earth, and the pig sacrificed.

Priests chanted magic formulas and told (Continued on page 197)



AT CHICHÉN ITZÁ, A PLATFORM CARVED WITH A JAGUAR AND AN EAGLE, EACH CLUTCHING IN ITS CLAW A HUMAN HEART.

Mexico

"Hearts of human sacrifice"



BY MARIE-PIERRE DE CICCO

A slender bird-of-paradise beauty with wings on her heels, Mrs. Pasquale De Cicco spends half the year in motion, the other half in the quasi-calm of her *finca* near Madrid. Equal parts French and Mexican, she knows Mexico like her pocket, delights in panning out new nuggets of interest. Archaeology, for instance, a passion she is now pursuing in Egypt. Recently in Asia with her American husband, Mrs. De Cicco was caught in other adventures: tiger shoots with the Maharajah of Jaipur in India, with the King of Nepal in Nepal.

I am partly Mexican and look like one. My skin is dark, my cheekbones high, my eyes almond-shaped. I have inherited the Mexican love for bright mixed colours, exotic touches. Mexico brings out the best in me. I always return to Mexico and I did this February.

With four friends, Emilio and Cristina Pucci who had flown over from Italy, Sheelagh Manno, English, and Olgamar Perusquia, Venezuelan, I went on an archaeological trip to Oaxaca, Yucatán, and Palenque. Villages, churches were secondary, only a complement.

Flying from Acapulco, we arrived two hours later at Oaxaca, the green. A city built of pale-green stone resembling jade, a stone even more precious than gold to Indians of all civilizations. We left Oaxaca, with its colonial houses covered with bougainvillaea, in a hurry for nearby Monte Albán, the ceremonial centre of succeeding civilizations from 500 B.C. to the fifteenth century.

At sunset, the stones of Monte Albán turned golden and reminded me of Baalbek. It was impressive. Among the gold-coloured ruins of Monte Albán, there was only one small red flower, soft as velvet; it resembles drops of blood, called *doncellita*, maiden.

Returning from Monte Albán, we stopped at the lively square of Oaxaca for a pineapple juice. Around eight in the evening, we visited the museum, especially opened for us. What a luxury to have a museum to oneself. I felt owner of it all for a minute. The most beautiful piece was a Mayan terra-cotta figure, almost Egyptian in feeling. The great treasures, of course, were the gold objects found in the tombs of priests in Monte Albán. The men of the ancient Indian civilization were either priests or warriors. In contrast to the static, baroque Zapotec art, the Mayan is fluid and pure.

As we entered the church of Santo Domingo, all flashing gold and silver, some monks were singing the Kyrie.

I loved this first day: the golden Monte Albán, the green Oaxaca.

The next day on our way to Mitla, we stopped at the important new Olmec finds at Dainzu, the Jugadores de Pelota which were discovered only last December—great big stelae stand at the foot of a pyramid, on each one is carved a masked man with a ball and baseball bat.

Near the huge tree El Tule, which they say is over three thousand years old, the floor of a small painted church was filled with dead flowers. The Indians were dressing their saints for Sunday.

I recognized the town of Tlacolula because of its famous market which I had visited in 1958. This trip was like a pilgrimage for me. I was returning to places which had forever marked my seventeenth birthday. Since my last visit, the treasures of the churches which had been hidden by the villagers of Tlacolula during the 1910 Revolution are all back in place. One old man revealed their secret hiding place just two years ago.

Mitla was exactly as I had remembered. Thirteenth century and just as the Spaniards had found it, unlike Monte Albán which had been buried. The main building, the rèsidence of the priest, reminded me of a Pucci dress. It had about twenty geometric frescoes, but no two alike. I told Emilio Pucci that he must have dreamed of Mitla and its patterns. He was fascinated by it. Curiously, all four of us wore Pucci dresses that day.

Our flight to Yucatán was pleasant, but our arrival in Mérida frightening. I had organized the trip too well and we were met by the director of the archaeological sites of Yucatán, the director of the Museum of Mérida, the director of the travel agency, as well as by a representative alerted by former President Alemán who knew about our trip. Each one wanted to take care of us. We arrived at the Mayaland, the only (Continued on page 202)



IN TASHKENT, SPIKED IRON FENCING AN IMPERIAL PALACE, ITS GARDENS NEWLY STACKED WITH RAW COTTON.

Uzbek

"Genghis Khan crossroads"



BY MARY HARARI

As alert to art as she is to travel, Mrs. Philip Harari has brown eyes, refreshing American candour, and a discernment far beyond her years. A what-now voyager, she asks not where but when, packs her cameras, and goes with her husband—a British industrialist involved with South African mining—everywhere: to Madagascar, to Zambia, to the Kalahari Desert where "we live like bushmen." The photograph of the Russian palace, *above*, however, was taken by Mr. Harari on a swing around the world that began—and ended—at the Harari place in South Africa, near Johannesburg, aptly named Veruitsig, Afrikaans for "distant horizons."

At Vnukovo Airport outside Moscow, old women sit in corners next to their fishnets of dying flowers and bruised fruits, knitted shawls around their shoulders. My husband and I are bound for the heart of Central Asia: the Uzbek cities of Tashkent and Samarkand. . . .

The world looks white below us. Only blue scars, the great rivers Amu Darya and Syr Darya drain into the vast azure Aral Sea. Flat burning plains. It was this desiccation of land that sent the Scythians, the Huns, the Turks, the Mongols moving eastward for better pastures. Across the dust-hazed Golodnaya Step' (Hungry Steppe), far ahead, we can see the snow-capped Chatkal Range, which will take into its outstretched arms further ranges—and climb up to that noble vortex, the Himalayas.

Here, at the start of the mountains, the capital of the Soviet republic of Uzbek, Tashkent, sits on her natural citadel, gazing down at her ancient enemy, Asia. Below, crossing sheltered slopes with their great flocks of karakul, herdsmen wear long grey quilted tunics slashed open, exposing wide expanses of sunburned chests; high boots covered in skin overshoes; sun-baked faces; long Manchu beards. By the herdsmen's sides, thin-ankled horses with shaggy necks and sturdy barrels.

A thin filter of white dust settling over us, we drive into Tashkent along the main artery lined with lorries filled with clay débris. The smell of gas. A welcome row of gentle pink roses along the dusty highway. Street lanterns, once painted white in Turkish designs. We feel the East.

As we reach the centre of town, the devastation becomes apparent. Complete city blocks of crumbled clay. How many houses have fallen here? Along the streets, rows of evacuated one-storeyed mud huts. Then the reason: a lethal, ragged crack in the ground. Two-storeyed houses look as if they had been eaten unevenly by ravaging rats: white plaster broken off in rough circles and wide cracks, pillars laid bare to show bricklayers' designs. In closed-off streets, rows of *yurtas*, felt tents like those of desert nomads, are spread on wooden lattice frames. It is safer to live in tents than in buildings crumbling around your head. Who knows when the earth will rumble again?

The masterminds of rebuilding are the Russians. Their heavy trucks line the streets. Their cranes, like scaffolding along the horizon line, resurrect the "Green City." The Hotel Tashkent, miraculously, has escaped the earthquake. As we walk along narrow corridors with peeling paint, we see the scars, wide cracks where the concrete walls are separated by three inches.

Passing through the old city, we see rows and rows of new prefabricated squares, like outhouses. Each merchant whose mud emporium crumbled to the ground was given one of these huts by the government. Only differentiated by the goods they sell, they line bare dirt streets. Old men wearing dirty white turbans. In a window a Mongolian face—high cheekbones, yellow skin, slit eyes. Rarely, a face of Turkish or Arabic origin. Some men wearing Western clothes still cling to their national skull caps, *tubiteika*, patterned in black and white silk or coloured like a patch of needlework in a Moslem prayer rug.

The stalls are bright with women in their national silks; magenta stripes, sometimes draped in wide bloomers; velvet vests in reds, blues, greens. Each woman has several shining black braids cascading down her back. An occasional old woman wears the *paranja*, a thick, black, horsehair veil gathered into a cloak covering her head and body.

We pass the extraordinary new cinema, then move on down the dreary ranks of big, plain, khaki blocks of workers' flats. Donkey-drawn carts seem incongruous outside the head offices of the great textile *kombinat*.

Tashkent has been famous for its school of revolutionary studies. Our guide proudly points out the Marxist-Lenin school behind high stone walls. We pass the university and technical colleges with masses of students milling outside. These people seem to have shaken off the Eastern sloth. Their past seems slashed away.

We pass an old Russian palace, imperial yellow. Through the wrought-iron fence we see a huge embankment of newly picked cotton, stacked high around the palace, where once a garden must have grown. The Russians have given the Uzbeks their industries: cotton, sugar (Continued on page 201)

Africa—

"Where is that lion?"

BY CANDICE BERGEN

Adventurous, a dazzling mix of Botticellian looks and gritty gallantry, Candice Bergen is a tall, flaxen-haired actress with wanderlust. Born in Los Angeles, the daughter of Edgar Bergen, she has, at twenty, appeared with successive lustre in four movies, all made out of Hollywood. *The Group* in New York; *The Sand Pebbles* in Taiwan; *The Day the Fish Came Out* in Greece. Between films, Miss Bergen, slung with cameras, recorded her travels in Africa. Recently she returned to Kenya for Claude Lelouch's new film, *Vivre Pour Vivre*, in which, co-starring with Yves Montand, she takes—guess what—photographs.

My first exposure to Africa was last July, primarily for a safari, more importantly to snoop, dig, hold up a moistened finger to African winds. I left Africa tugging at the coattails of my thoughts in violent opinionation. Total objectivity. Complete clarity. Perfect obscurity.

Kenya went on forever. Padded in khaki-coloured grass, poked by squat umbrella trees, mammoth baobabs like huge swollen sweet potatoes. One expected to see carved into their trunks, "Dali was here." I felt first the complete invulnerability. The trees grown tough, calloused against the sun. Clawing at the sky. And I felt myself suddenly puny, inconsequential. But I felt also an immediate release; the complete freedom synonymous

with vastness, with solitude. For two months my life became a series of dawns as day seemed gaudy in comparison.

In Botswana the landscape changed with every mile. We chugged by Jeep to our first camp. Baboons loped by, bashful giraffes, Op Art zebras.

The river camp was a cross between a Trader Vic's Restaurant and a set from *African Queen;* I waited for Johnny Weismuller to swim by dragging Maureen O'Sullivan. The hippos lumbered into the river, their shiny little metallic ears swivelling. There was something naggingly familiar about them. Was it the San Diego Zoo perhaps? Nope. It's something about the head. . . . Now I know . . . it's Otto Preminger.

Safari got under way. For a day we saw nothing but ducks. Ten thousand miles to see a duck. I could have gone to Long Island. Meanwhile we were all spotting for game. I screeched that I saw a flock of turkeys which turned out to be ostriches, and a German shepherd which was, they said, a water buck. Candice the Hunter. We came across a dead elephant, the huge form deflated like a child's old balloon. It was strangely sad, with the mystery and power of the dead irreverently shadowed by vultures in the sun.

Safari

Someone had been spreading idle gossip of a lion in the vicinity. Puffed up and infected with enthusiasm we set out at dawn again. Later we wandered into a hideous country of shoulder-high thorns and strangling sand. It was, really, hot. And dusty. We kept on stalking. Ssh. Just try walking tiptoe in (Continued on page 200)

IN LOOPED EARRINGS AND HOOPS OF BEADS, MEMBERS OF THE MASAI TRIBE BEING PHOTOGRAPHED, RIGHT, BY CANDICE BERGEN IN TANZANIA, "THE MOST BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY I'VE SEEN IN AFRICA."

VOGUE, April 1, 1967 ALAIN DEJEAN



Leslie Morris: the Great American Customs

From an American designer with star status—Leslie Morris—this suit of navy-blue silk brocade with a pure little shape, and the lift of scallops at two hems: of a sleeveless dress, of a softly curved jacket with a rounded and rolled collar. A Leslie Morris design, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Christian Dior stockings: Bergdorf Goodman. Charles Elkaim earrings. Julianelli shoes. Chiffon on the wing, right—a short float of white printed in fronds of blue, dark brown, silver. Sleeves like the fullest rippling veils, a skirt always dancing. Dress of silk chiffon, a Leslie Morris design, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Earrings—galaxies of glitter—by Mimi di N. Round-the-Clock stockings of Antron nylon. Coiffures by Lupe; Cleopatra real hairpieces.





Sophie: Great American Customs

Pants turnout with a blaze of dots, left, turned out by Sophie, an American designer whose clothes are famous for their soft—often ethereal—kind of snap. Here, a little shell of a top and straight wide pants, both of white treebark silk. The long jacket, of the same white fabric with big black coin-dots—lightly fitted, with an easy blazer feeling. Costume, made to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Jack Gilbert and Kenneth Lane bracelets. Both, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Nucci earrings. Saks Fifth Avenue shoes. For a most romantic evening, opposite—printed silk chiffon in cloudy layers swirled on the bias, over the same print in silk surah. Top and sleeves, covered in tiny sequins. Colours: a dreamy blur of pink, white, green, grey, pale gold. By Sophie, made to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Mimi di N earrings. Kenneth Lane bracelets. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Lupe coiffures.

PENATI





The bright blow-up of Roman stripes



From America— Scaasi

Omnicolours in gay abandon, opposite—Roman stripes printed on wool. To wear as two-piece dresses, or as suits —each has a bow-necked chiffon blouse, not shown here. Both, to order at Arnold Scaasi. With the costume at left, Marvella earrings, at Lord & Taylor. Right, Michael Hic earrings, at Henri Bendel. Orange stockings by Bonnie Doon. Yellow stockings by Belle-Sharmeer. Julianelli shoes. Coiffures by Lupe. Real hairpieces from Cleopatra.

From Italy— Mila Schön

Pousse-café of orange, white, navy, right—a Roman striped wool suit with a white kid belt, white at the neck. Agnona wool. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Earrings by Petochi. Coiffure by Alba and Francesca.

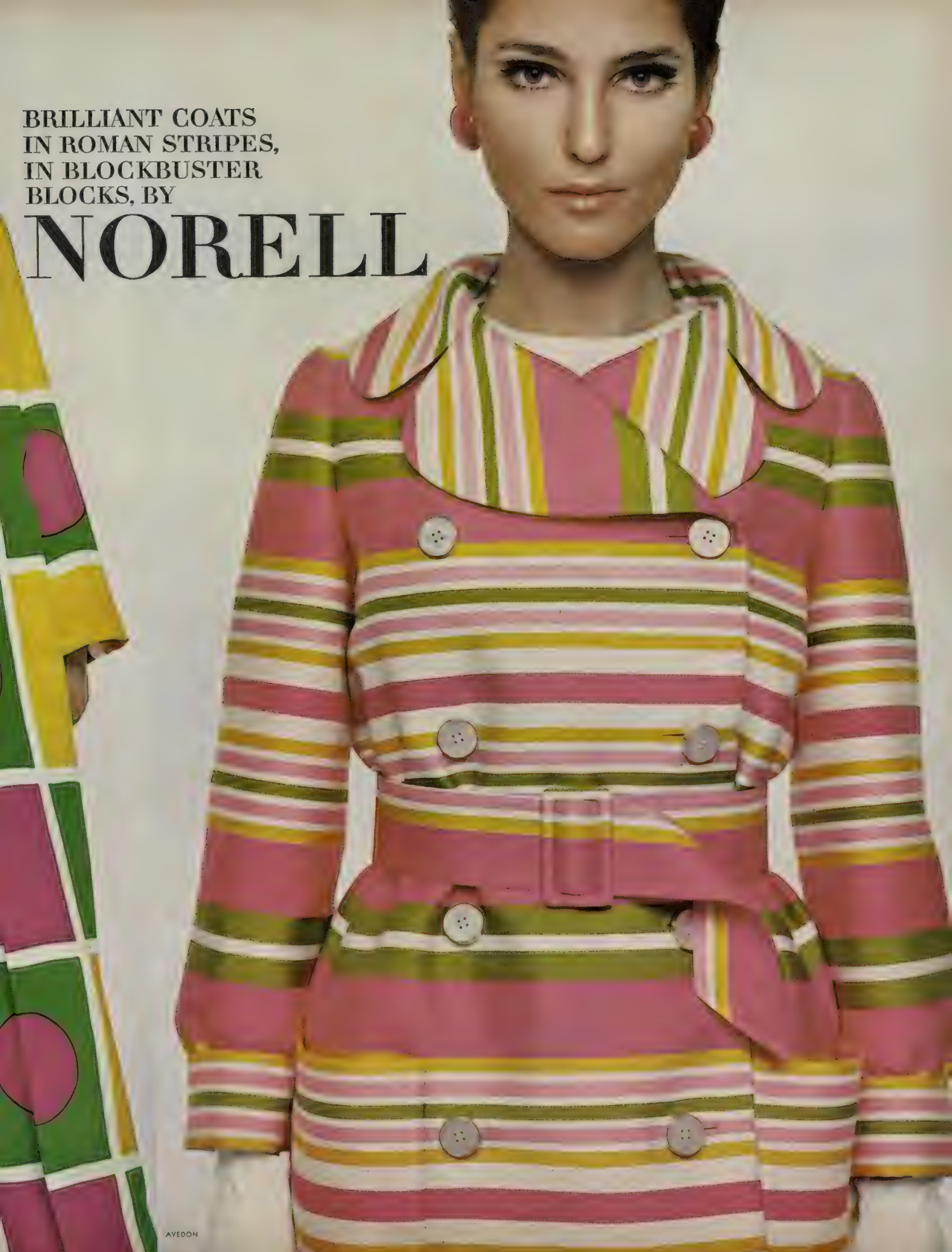
PENATI

RUBARTELLI

Striped and belted coats, from a blazing collection. Left, stripes of navy, white, a dozen bright colours, in wool gabardine. Of Litex fabric. At Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Far right, stripes of green, pink, yellow, in silk-and-wool. Staron fabric. At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; I. Magnin. All earrings: Trifari. At Lord & Taylor. Checkerboard blocks, centre—green, yellow, magenta, with magenta checkers; matching pants, green top. Costume in Abraham heavy silk. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Laguna earrings.

BRILLIANT COATS
IN ROMAN STRIPES,
IN BLOCKBUSTER
BLOCKS, BY

NORELL



AVEDON

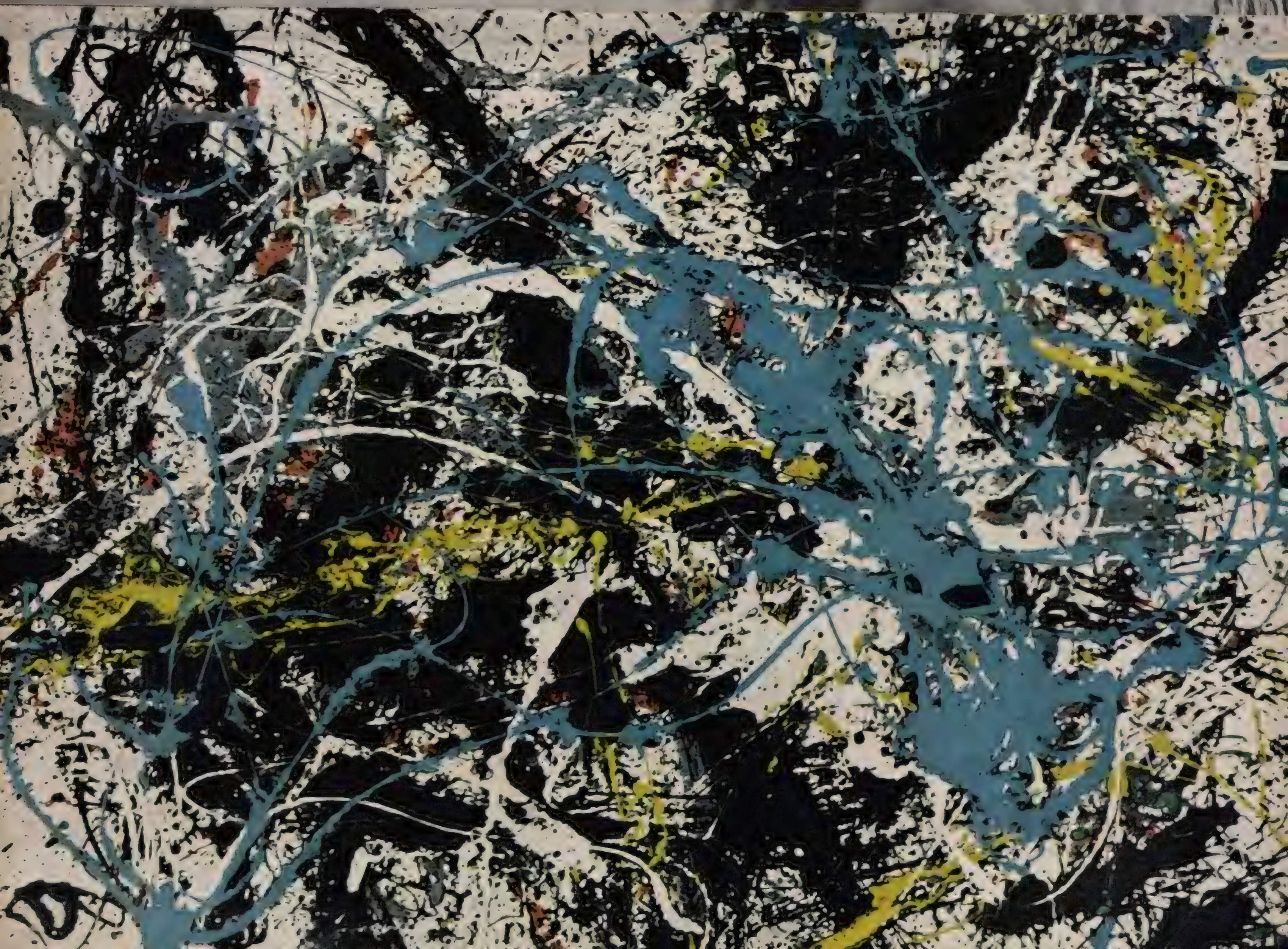
THE BEAUTIFUL TRAILBLAZERS



This is evening 1967. Among the great choices, you have these two: both very American, very snappy, very evening sports. They are—a tiny bright top and the tiniest skirt, this for the girl with marvellous, long, sun-gilded legs; the white crêpe *smoking*, direct and easy. Pick a trail and blaze. Brighten up lips with a snap of real colour, a super-slick shine . . . the mouth that does the talking now: blazed with brightness, gleaming with life. It's time for clear, fresh colours to stand up and be counted. Count to three with Revlon: blazing new this spring, their series of three lipsticks called The Beautiful Blazers. . . . Blazer Pink on the cover of this issue. Copper Cane at left. Mister Melon at right. All three shades bright as blazes, ready to glisten. In the cool of the evening, left: a pared little pull and a quick blaze of mini-skirt in watermelon-and-pink silk chiffon. By Annemarie Gardin, of hand-painted Gourdon chiffon. About $245. At Henri Bendel; Sakowitz. Sandals by Bernardo. Where there's *le smoking*, there's blazing good fashion, right: a V'd top, jacket, and straight-legged pants in clean-white crêpe to set off a suntan. By MicMac. At Bergdorf Goodman Boutique. Earrings by Jane Bolles. Sandals made to order by Bernardo.

BERT STERN





POLLOCK,

GREAT PAINTER WHO WRESTED "AESTHETIC ORDER FROM THE LOOK OF ACCIDENT"



JACKSON POLLOCK.
RIGHT, IN FULL ACTION
AT EAST HAMPTON,
LONG ISLAND, 1950.
LEFT, A SUPERB
POLLOCK OF THE GREAT
PERIOD: "NO. 15," 1949,
IS NOW IN THE
MAGNIFICENT POLLOCK
EXHIBITION, OPENING
THIS MONTH AT THE
MUSEUM OF MODERN
ART IN NEW YORK.
COLL. PRISCILLA PECK

HANS NAMUTH

JACKSON POLLOCK: "INSPIRATION, VISION, INTUITIVE DECISION"

BY CLEMENT GREENBERG

Pollock was not a "born" painter. He started out as a sculptor, at sixteen, but before he was eighteen had changed over to painting. He had to learn with effort to draw and paint. Matisse was twenty-one when he made his first picture, but it immediately revealed his gift of hand. Whether Pollock's first attempts revealed anything like that, I very much doubt. This is not to say that he did not have a gift. Pollock's gift lay in his temperament and intelligence, and above all in his inability to be less than honest.

It did not, at any rate, take him too long, apparently, to learn to draw from nature correctly if not fluently. (There is the evidence of drawings made while he was still studying with Thomas Hart Benton at the Art Students League.) Years later, long after he had committed himself to abstraction, a sudden return to naturalism in the linear face of a man he did in a painting of 1951 called "Number 27" shows him drawing with almost stylish facility. It is as though his skill of hand had developed underground during the intervening years into something like virtuosity. After 1951 Pollock's general accomplishedness, called on to supply what inspiration no longer could, began to be all too obvious. Then his honesty declared itself in the refusal to go on painting. From 1954 until his death in 1956 he finished no more than three or four pictures.

But that he had been a practised painter all along should have been evident in even the most abstract things he did before 1951. That it was not evident to many people, and still is not, was the fault of his originality. The very unconventional way in which Pollock started to put paint to canvas in 1947 took people very much aback. And so did the equally unconventional way in which, a little earlier, he had begun to lay out or design his pictures. But even in his very first one-man show, in 1943, his apparent want of smoothness and finish had provoked resistance. (He was already painting great pictures by that time, some of them as "difficult" and original as anything he did later—"Totem I" of 1944, for example.)

Pollock's "drip" paintings, which began in 1947, eliminated the factor of manual skill and seemed to eliminate the factor of control along with it. Advanced painting had raised the question of the rôle of skill in pictorial art before Pollock's time, but these pictures questioned that rôle more disturbingly if not more radically than even Mondrian's geometrical art had. Mondrian's canon of ruled stripes and flat, even colour precludes the use of skill, but in compensation makes control and order utterly explicit. Skill means difficulties overcome swiftly and easily in the interests of control and order. These last Mondrian exhibits in the plainest conceptual or mechanical terms, whether or not they are transmuted to aesthetic ones (which they are when the picture succeeds). Pollock's "all-over" "drip" paintings seem swiftness and spontaneity incarnate, but their arabescal interlacings strike the uninitiated eye as excluding anything that resembles control and order, not to mention skill.

Pollock's "all-over" layout has more to do with this impression, initially, than his "drip" method does. In most cases this layout does not really repeat the same figure or motif from one edge of the canvas to the other like a wallpaper pattern. If it did that, an "all-over" Pollock would strike one as being almost as self-evidently controlled and ordered as a Mondrian, sheer repetition being of the essence of control and order. An "all-over" Pollock makes the impression of being chaotic because it promises the order of mechanical repetition only to betray it. An "all-over" Pollock is only vaguely, ambiguously symmetrical. When it is pictorially effective and moves and excites the viewer, it does so in the same general way in which all pictorial art does, by disrupting and restoring, by unbalancing and balancing.

Where Mondrian wrests aesthetic from merely mechanical order, Pollock wrests aesthetic order from the look of accident—but only from the look of it. His strongest "all-over" paintings tend sometimes to be concentric in their patterning; often the concentricity is that of several interlocking or overlapping concentric patterns (as in the marvellous "Cathedral" of 1947). In other cases the patterning consists in a rhythm of loopings that may or may not be counterpointed by a "system" of fainter straight lines. At the same time there is an oscillating movement between different planes in shallow depth and the literal surface plane —a movement reminiscent of Cézanne and Analytical Cubism.

True, all this is hard to discern at first. The seeming haphazardness

of Pollock's execution, with its mazy trickling, dribbling, whipping, blotching, and staining of paint, appears to threaten to swallow up and extinguish every element of order. But this is more a matter of connotation than of actual effect. The strength of the art itself lies in the tension (to use an indispensable jargon word) between the connotations of haphazardness and the felt and actual aesthetic order, to which every detail of execution contributes. Order supervenes at the last moment, as it were, but all the more triumphantly because of that.

Like Mondrian, Pollock demonstrates that not skill or dexterity but inspiration, vision, intuitive decision, is what counts essentially in the creation of aesthetic quality. Inspiration declares itself in the overall conception of a work: the choosing, placing, and relating of what goes into it. Execution, in effect, takes care of itself. (Benedetto Croce, the Italian philosopher, perceived this long ago.) No matter how much execution may feed back to conception, the crucial decisions still belong to inspiration and not to manual skill. (Actually, manual skill itself is an affair of more or less inspired decisions, only they are mostly subliminal ones; inspiration in the larger sense is not exactly conscious either but it is nevertheless a good deal closer to that part of the mind which considers alternatives.)

Again like Mondrian, Pollock demonstrates that something related to skill is likewise unessential to the creation of aesthetic quality: namely, personal touch, individuality of execution, handwriting, "signature." In principle, any artist's touch can be imitated, but it takes hard work and great skill to imitate Hsia Kuei's, Leonardo's, Rembrandt's, or Ingres's. Mondrian's touch can be imitated, or rather *duplicated*, with no effort at all, by anybody. So, almost, can Pollock's touch in his "drip" period. With a little practice anybody can make dribbles and spatters and skeins of liquid paint that are indistinguishable from Pollock's in point purely of handwriting. But Mondrian's and Pollock's quality can no more be duplicated than Leonardo's or Rembrandt's. Again, it is driven home that, in the last analysis, conception, or inspiration, alone decides aesthetic quality. Not that discipline, learning, awareness, and the conjunction of circumstances are less than indispensable to the making of important art. But without the factor of inspiration, these are as nothing.

Pollock was far less interested than Mondrian in making theoretical points. He made them in his art, but without particularly bothering about them. He took to working with liquid paint and a "drip"-stick, and finally a basting syringe, simply—and yet not so simply—because he wanted to get away from the habits or mannerisms of fingers, wrist, elbow, and even shoulder that are brought into play by the use of a brush, knife, or any other implement that touches the picture surface. Even more important was the fact that marked lines or contours did not hold that surface with the same inevitability as those which resulted from the falling or flowing of paint. Last but not least came Pollock's revulsion from "madeness," from the look of the intended and arranged and contrived and trimmed and "tickled." To him, almost all drawing with a brush or pencil began to look too deliberate. That in escaping "madeness" he went over into something like anonymity or impersonality of execution did not particularly strike Pollock—or any one else—at the time. The "naturalness" of this impersonality had, however, consequences for other, younger or later artists.

Ostensibly, the impersonality of handling that reigns in avant-garde art of the sixties is like Mondrian's. But it does not *feel* like Mondrian's, and this has to be explained in good part by the different interpretation of impersonality found in Pollock's "drip" paintings (as well as that found in Barnett Newman's only seemingly geometrical art). Ruled or compass-plotted edges don't feel as rigidly geometrical today as they did in geometrical art done in the past. The practice, descended from Pollock, of soaking pigment into raw canvas deprives these edges of their "cutting" power by making them bleed ever so slightly. But other, far less tangible factors are still more important, and it is hard to define these (and it would take too much space even to try to do so).

In any case, too much does not have to be claimed for Pollock. His art speaks for itself. Or it will eventually. Till now it has been, for the most part, extravagantly misunderstood. And what has been most misunderstood in it is its sophistication. Pollock's sophistication was of that ultimate kind which consists in an instinct for the relevant. He had also what Keats called Negative Capability: He could be doubtful and uncertain without becoming bewildered—that is, in what concerned his art. (It was quite different with his life, which was darkened by alcoholism.) People who knew Pollock personally were, I think, misled by his diffidence with words. They may also have been misled by his indifference to phrases and "ideas." He was beautifully right in that; in my opinion he saw more in art and knew more of it than did almost anybody (with the exception of his wife, the painter Leonore Krasner) who talked to him about it.

One of Pollock's deepest insights was that it was not necessary to *try* to hold on to the past of art; that it was there inside him anyhow, and that whether he wanted it to or not, the past remained implicated in everything he did. Unlike Gorky, de Kooning, and Hofmann, his nearest neighbours in New York art in the mid-forties, he did not believe in "good" painting, with its rules and cuisine. He believed only in good art. He saw that "good" painting was something every truly ambitious artist had to define all over again. Otherwise he would remain trapped in the provisional, not the abiding, past. It belonged to Pollock's sophistication that he could so well distinguish between the two. The provisional past was rules, precepts, craft practices, "paint quality," and canons of taste. The abiding past was concrete works of art and their quality.

Gorky, de Kooning, and Hofmann were naïve by comparison with Pollock. I am not trying to launch a startling paradox when I say this; it was something I felt twenty years ago, when Gorky was still alive. Gorky did not remain naïve: Though his very best painting was done in 1945, the things he did just before his death in 1948 open up visfas that are larger and extend beyond "good" painting, which fact made his death that much more of a tragedy. Hofmann's enduringly naïve faith in "good" painting is, I hazard, partly responsible for the miscomprehension that continues to dog his reputation, but the sheer force of his vision made him a great painter in spite of himself in the last ten years of his life—as great a painter as any in his time. De Kooning is the one who, for all his giftedness and brightness, has suffered most from naïve faith in "good" painting—from faith in cuisine, handwriting, and Old Master machinery. That he remains at this moment the most celebrated of these three *naïfs* is the crowning but not enduring irony of his case.

Plenty of the provisional past clung to Pollock's art too, and it could not be otherwise, as he himself recognized. In the decrepitude of his art, from 1952 to his death in 1956, during which time he displayed proficiency in an obvious enough way to win admission to any guild of "good" painters, that past did more than cling; it closed in. Pollock himself was among the first to register this. His vision had exhausted itself, at least for the time being; he was filling in with "good" painting, and it was not enough.



Everything hops, skips, and jumps at Galanos this year—the most beautifully made clothes imaginable, with a new buoyance and ease that couldn't be more lovable. The asymmetric black dress, left: bias top of thinnest black wool pulled taut over one shoulder and held at the waist with a chrome-buckled belt; then the deluge—layer upon layer of chiffon, short and floaty and romantic as sin. Worn with Galanos's wide chrome slave bracelet. Dress, of Agnona wool and Bianchini silk chiffon. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. The pantaloon dress, right, in the darkest of dark-green wool jerseys, bandaged in white—like chutist's gear—with a chrome buckle at the waist and a skirt split into full foaming pantaloons....Talk about dresses that travel well—this is it, and seasonless as stars. Of Racine wool jersey. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. The coiffures here and on the following two pages, by Marc Sinclaire.

GALANOS

SHORT EVENINGS: FULL OF FUN AND SURPRISE... LITTLE ASYMMETRIC WOOL TOPS WITH LAYERS-OF-CHIFFON SKIRTS...JERSEY WITH PANTALOONS AND PARACHUTE BANDS...CHROME BUCKLES WITH ALL





When Galanos puts his hand to jersey, left, jersey really moves—look at this dark-grey dress go; it couldn't feel freer...narrow belt placed just under the bosom; pleats within pleats at the centre; then two stitched seams running down from shoulder to lap, and stirring up quite a bit of action there. In Racine jersey of wool and silk. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Some bareness, right, some bias, some blousing spilled over a side-buckled belt—one of the most graceful little asymmetric dresses ever cut, and cut to perfection with a biased top and straight fullish skirt. In a bright navy-blue jacquard-patterned crêpe of silk and wool. Fabric by Petillault. At Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

GALANOS

THE MOST PERFECT LITTLE DRESSES... DARK-GREY JERSEY FOR DAY, BELTED AND PLEATED... ASYMMETRIC NAVY CRÊPE AFTER SIX, BELTED AND BLOUSED

PENATI



The great clown pyjamas
from Valentino in

ITALY

and Forquet's jewelled
Punjab pyjamas

To see the new Italian Collections is to *know* you're in Italy: they summon up vistas of Roman palazzo life in an unprecedented extravagance of imagination—one great panoramic sweep unfolding on these and the next six pages against a Roman skyline of domes, towers, tiled roofs, colonnades. Tunic pyjamas, opposite: Biggest show of spots on earth—brown dappled over voluminous chiffon pyjamas, a silk tunic coasting off the shoulder. By Valentino, in Taroni silk. I. Magnin. Coppola and Toppo three-ring earrings. Overbloused tights, above: A maharajah's princely portion of jewels—and ease; volatile silver lamé exploding its shimmer over the narrowest jewelled legs. Punjab turnout by Forquet, in Castellano fabric. Mimi di N jewellery. Rome seen from Conte and Contessa della Porta's terrace. Coiffures on both pages by Alba and Francesca.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



ITALY:
Galitzine's shimmering sways of gold, of coral

Gold slit skirt, opposite, one of her wonderful ways to gloss over pants—a shimmering fall, slit at the sides over two-piece pyjamas of white crêpe. Skirt fabric by Hurel; pyjamas of Rhodiotoce fabric. In America at I. Magnin. The earrings, also by Galitzine. The shoes by Silvia di Fiorentina. Dancing coral, this page, in strands of bead fringe—the top of a long evening dress of white crêpe. Bini fabric. In America at I. Magnin. Earrings by Nucci. Both coiffures: Alba and Francesca. Both Galitzines, photographed at the palazzo of Conte and Contessa Emo Capodilista.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



ITALY:
The bravo pants turnouts from Valentino and De Barentzen

Viva stripes: Valentino's beautiful little side-closed tunic coat for pants, opposite, in orange, yellow, and white. Funnel-collared and small on top, widening slightly over slightly widened white pants. Satam wool. I. Magnin. Mules by Silvia di Fiorentina. Navy enchained: De Barentzen's version of the pea jacket, this page. Lengthened a bit, double-breasted with silver chains, perfection in navy-blue wool gabardine worn with wide white linen pants. Fabric by Verzoletto. De Barentzen earrings. Coiffures by Alba and Francesca. Skysetting: the Roman penthouse terrace of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Paul Getty.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI





ITALY: *The most beautiful jewelled embroideries—Mila Schön's*

Silver-green dazzle, opposite, worked *in rilievo;* deep bands of stones cross a shimmering succession of paved horizontal stripes —embroidery so extraordinary it *is* the dress.

Blazing silver, above, jewelled in diamanté mosaic—the pure luxury of a Byzantine court robe. Slippers by Silvia di Fiorentina. Both evening dresses by Mila Schön, at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. On both pages: jewellery by Coppola and Toppo; Alba and Francesca coiffures; a far view of Rome glimpsed from Conte and Contessa Emo Capodilista's palazzo.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

The pure proud tailoring of Pertegaz in

SPAIN

and the tattersall turnouts of Berhanyer



Pertegaz's navy wool officer's coat, right, narrow, with epaulettes and a military bent; suspender skirt, sleeveless mesh blouse. Double-breasted coat; at Lord & Taylor. Costume: I. Magnin. Pertegaz casque: Lord & Taylor. Pertegaz's grey plaid pinafore turnout, centre, above—the open-sided pinafore, a straight projection of the thigh-stride coat. Ivory shirt. Coat: Lord & Taylor. Costume at I. Magnin. Pertegaz casque: Lord & Taylor. Berhanyer's double-breasted 7/8 tattersall coat turnout, centre: Black-and-white plaid banded at jacket-level—7/8 shirt-sleeved coat, 1/8 more skirt. In Cadena wool. Costume at I. Magnin. Berhanyer's helmet and boots. Berhanyer's tattersalled 7/8 coat turnout, centre, below: Shirt-sleeved green-and-white plaid; white cotton blouse; plaid skirt; silver-buckled white leather belt. Cadena wool. Costume at I. Magnin. Berhanyer's spur-boots. Pertegaz's 7/8 double-faced coat and dress, far right: Navy wool switches to navy-and-white checks over equal measures of both. Dress and reversible raglan coat, at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Coiffures, both pages: Duran of Carita, Madrid.



HENRY CLARKE

from Paris:

NEW FLICKS OF BARENESS

Castillo's harness dress, left, orange crêpe with a wide silver belt wrapped over the halter-slanted front, over cut-down bareness at the sides, under loose crossed suspenders at the back. Copies, of Celanese acetate and rayon crêpe, at Bloomingdale's; Filene's; Burdine's; Sanger-Harris; Bullock's-Wilshire. K. J. L. earrings. Charles Jourdan shoes. Coiffure by Carita. Shirtdress from Lanvin, right, of acid-green crêpe with a flippant leg-baring shirttail hem—slits rounded at the front, straight and square at the back. The fly front and high neck, edged in glitter. Copies in rosy pink, of Arnel and rayon crêpe, at Bloomingdale's; Lazarus; Rike's; Sanger-Harris; Bullock's-Wilshire.

BERT STERN



I SPA

OR HOW TO PROFIT FROM A VISIT TO ONE OF AMERICA'S SUPER BODYSHOPS

If you walk back and forth, fortissimo, across the shallow end of a swimming pool, *if* you walk hard against the water's resistance, your ankles, calves and knees will shape up. . . . If you sauna, and the heat of the sauna cabine worries your hair, towel your head lightly. Don't stuff your hair into a plastic shower cap—the latter cooks up steam, undoes a hairset faster than a walk on a foggy night. . . . If you exercise until it hurts, good. The spot that hurts can tell you whether you're actually getting at the spot you mean to reduce and firm. Used as a checkpoint of exercise-accuracy by those demolition squads who teach spot-reducing exercises: the exact location of the ouch. . . .

The exact location of the place we learned this (and the several dozen other beauty findings that follow here) was The Greenhouse, the Neiman-Marcus-supervised brightening pavilion fifteen minutes southwest of Dallas. In this marble-floored, many-splendoured, climate-controlled place—certainly the most beautiful beauty training camp in the world—spa veterans and spa neophytes, from the Jeunesse Glorious to women in their seventies, gather for a stay of a week at the very minimum, to get their looks on a new and better track. And, as un-larcenous-looking a lot as they appear to be, it seems they *steal.* With the beaming approval of the management, they collect take-home beauty tips. Such as those named above, and these:

If you have the kind of skin that bruises when anyone so much as looks at you, you can stop the bruise before it's begun. The trick: the minute you're conscious of striking, or being struck by, an object that's a potential bruiser, rub the spot, rub it hard, rub it circularly. This, according to a smart masseuse, distributes the blood; helps to keep it from coagulating. . . . If you work your muscles in a new way, as in general body exercise or in pinpointed spot-reducing exercise, and you're stiff after the workout, you don't have to tell your life story to a trained masseuse—her hands are her informers. To untie the knot, she'll manipulate, then rub with something like Ben-Gay, then blanket the stiffness with a steaming towel wrung dry. Eases considerably. Immediately. . . . If you run to discolourations under the eyes, put on—in that area—a pre-makeup foundation tinted the unforgettable pink of Pepto-Bismol, then put your usual foundation over this. Same thing works for other unevennesses of facial pigmentation. (Opal Veilesscence is the pinkest pink; Charles of the Ritz, supervisor of the hair, skin, and makeup departments at The Greenhouse, makes it.) . . .

If you have your hair processed—dyed, streaked, permanent-waved, straightened—have one deep-working conditioning treatment once a month; takes twenty minutes, but you won't know your hair, its improvements will be so dazzling. . . . If you have to watch your diet, there's only one lifelong way to do it: eat good food, the more delicious the better, but keep the portions small. This is the way enjoyable foods become diet foods. Admitted (in small portions) to the dieter's menu: Chilled gazpacho. Mustard-broiled sole. Ratatouille. Cheese soufflé. Hollandaise. Coeur à la Crème. Certain sweets. A booklet of two weeks' worth of menus and recipes by the famous Helen Corbitt—gifted food director of Neiman-Marcus—reads like a thriller for the overweight; is actually a steady diet of weight-reducing deliciousness. . . . If you can't get your eyeliner on straight (and some women can't; (Continued on page 212)

The little brown dress—with everything going for it

The kind of body-tone, skin, face, hair they like to grow at The Greenhouse, the weather-impervious spa near Dallas—where Neiman-Marcus does the directing, Charles of the Ritz does the beauty supervising, and splendid Happenings happen in as little as a week's time. More about this reported above. About the beauty here, here's what's to know. Her lipstick is the latest Charles of the Ritzness—Almost Pink. Sun Bronze Veilesscence on the face. Dress by Ginori, in Avisco rayon and silk. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus. Tiffany jewellery. Thick-sided sunglasses of fake tortoise: "Bando" made by Foster Grant.

BERT STERN





SHE GILDS

WHERE THE GOLD IS GOING: TOWARD FACES, BODIES, SUMMER

She's determined. She'll gleam—face, body, mini-jupe. She'll manage gold wherever she can, whenever she can. One way is by sun. Bless it. . . . Another way is by make-up, as here. And, while she can't yet own a cosmetic that will put down a layer of pure gold over her skin, she'll look for the makeups that hint at gold, tint at gold. They're coming on. . . . Here, several gold sources are tapped from makeups available right now. The tapping, done by Elizabeth Arden's makeup star, Pablo, as follows. . . . To bring out the sun, he used Secret Cover body makeup (Sport Light was the shade, buffed on shoulders, arms, legs). To highlight this, he touched up with Bronze-Glo liquid highlighter. Face makeup was Beige Jonquil Perfect Finish, dusted with a frosted evening powder, then glowed up with Elizabeth Arden's new shade of blusher (its name is Venetian Glow). On the eyes, silvery brown eye shadow was the base powder; over this, Sun Gold eyelid powder. Lower eyelids were lined with a gold pencil, dressed in a strip of fake eyelashes (under-dressed in comparison with the upper eyelids, which wear here a double set of fake lashes). For the camera's sake, and for these photographs only, Pablo went over everything with a dusting of honest-to-carat gold—a few pounds of pure gold were turned into gold dust by Elizabeth Arden's obliging laboratory. . . . The gilt mini-jupe, a most miniature A-line skirt and square-necked top, by Sylvia de Gay; Comark vinyl is why it gleams. This, about $90 at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Necklace: solid plastic by Mary Carmen; to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.







"A GARDEN OF THE HEART"

COUNTESS BISMARCK'S TRIUMPH OF WORK AND IMAGINATION ON CAPRI PHOTOGRAPHED BY HORST

CLUMPS OF MARGUERITES,

AS TALL AS SMALL TREES,

ON THE CLIFFSIDE THICK WITH ILEXES AND

WHITE FLOWERS ABOVE THE MEDITERRANEAN.

"A Garden of the Heart"

BY VALENTINE LAWFORD

The garden of Fortino, Count and Countess Edward Bismarck's surpassingly beautiful property on the north coast of Capri, is one of the most famous of all the gardens on the shores of the Mediterranean. Its noble terraces, riotously colourful flower beds, pergolas roofed with grapevines and entwined with roses are entirely the product of Countess Bismarck's work over the last three decades, interrupted only by several years of enforced absence during the last world war. Spring and summer through, and often in winter for months on end, Countess Bismarck gardens all day long. And by now no other garden on Capri, an island synonymous with natural beauty, is remotely comparable to Fortino's.

This is essentially the twentieth-century garden of a twentieth-century woman. But its origins, like the roots of its planting, are deep in the classical Roman past.

According to Suetonius, when Caesar Augustus first landed in the harbour below, almost exactly two thousand years ago, (Continued on page 186)

ABOVE: WALLED TERRACES OF FORTINO, FROM THE SEA. RIGHT, TOP: COUNTESS BISMARCK ON A CLIFFSIDE TERRACE. CENTRE: DIANTHUS, AND LEMONS GROWN AMONG FLOWERS. BELOW: THE CUTTING GARDEN; WHITE STANDARD ROSES. OPPOSITE PAGE: COUNTESS BISMARCK IN HER ROSE GARDEN SHELTERED BY VINES.



"A GARDEN OF THE HEART"

an ancient, decayed ilex tree—one of the species that still grows wild on Countess Bismarck's cliffside—miraculously regained its youthful vigour. The Emperor, who notoriously suffered from extremes of heat and cold, and in summer liked nothing better than broad-brimmed hats, shaded walks, and soft sea breezes, was so pleased by the prodigy that he acquired the whole of Capri forthwith and lived there on and off until he died.

Fortino occupies the site which he chose for his principal villa on the island. Hence the remains of Augustan brickwork and stonework among the lawns and flowers; the stretch of polychrome Roman paving outside the changing-rooms of the present bathhouse; the touching collection of Roman fragments—cast up in the course of gardening—among the maidenhair and trefoil in the former impluvium, now a cross between a private museum and a disused potting-shed; and the proud name of the surrounding hamlet, Palazzo a Mare, to this day.

The Emperor's successor, Tiberius, completed the transformation of Capri into an Imperial park. After which, with the aid of a devastating earthquake in 63 A.D., the park deteriorated into common-or-garden vineyards.

The locality happens to be not merely irresistibly attractive but strategically well placed. It overlooks the only sizable harbour on the island and commands a superb view of the Gulf of Naples. In 1806, when the British took Capri in the Napoleonic wars, they selected the ruins of the principal villa of Augustus as the site of a fort. From the landward side Countess (Continued on page 203)

ABOVE: COUNTESS BISMARCK ARRANGING ROSES IN HER FLOWER PAVILION. RIGHT: MASSED CINERARIAS AND CYMBIDIUMS NEAR THE FRONT ENTRANCE OF FORTINO.

HORST



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

Paris: Mireille Darc wears Saint Laurent.



Quel combination! Here she is—bounding all over the studio like a gay, witty, vivacious, completely charming gazelle—***Mireille Darc—"The New Woman,"*** the most modern personality, the great new sensation of the French films. (We've seen her in *Galia*. Now hold on for her in *La Blonde de Pékin*.) And what she is leaping, zipping, pinging, articulating in—eight of the neatest, newest, sniffiest rags a boutique bunny could dream for—brand-new Saint Laurent designs for his sensational Rive Gauche boutique. To the left: ***Triple vision of Mireille*** as if through rose-coloured glasses because the see-through plastic rain-shake is tinted a pinky, rosy hue. Mireille wears it over a bikini and her own lithe, long-limbed frame . . . thinks about how pretty it would be over different-coloured Saint Laurent dresses like lacquer red, or chrome yellow . . . the combined voltage would be volatile. Raincoat about $40. . . . Below: Next bounce into ***the dress for naughty schoolgirls.*** Fire-engine red jersey, the shirtsleeves, the old-school tie gone astray, striped in red and white. About $100. . . . What's holding



Mireille's feet to the floor in all these photos—the clumpy clog-soled shoes Vivier designed for Saint Laurent's haute-y couture-y collection. And what's hiding Mireille's own shoulder-length spill of blond hair in some of these photos are Carita boy-child wigs, one champagne, one chestnut. . . . ***Eyes right:*** And here's Mireille pointing at us—five times to make sure—in ***Saint Laurent's officer dress-up suit*** of sailor-blue jersey, collared, tabbed, buttoned, belted, banded, and pocketed in stop-yellow. About $130 . . . and directly right: ***Mireille making like the classic whaaaat!*** in Saint Laurent's long strip of printed crêpe of black, red, blue, white, purple, brown all bunched beautifully together. About $120. . . . Below: ***the camera closes in*** on Mademoiselle Darc and the face that many say will any day now become as famous as Bardot—The swing





of silky blond hair, the huge brown eyes that hit you right away. . . . Left, below: ***Mireille makes the great gesture*** in a stiff triangle of white piqué, with hemline mountain-peaked with black guipure lace. About $156. . . . And far left: the star in ***Saint Laurent's summer version of "Le Smoking"*** —now in black cotton printed all over with pink posies. Mireille wears it with one of those justly famous Saint Laurent shirts, narrow as a matador's, and made of white lawn frilled with lace. Saint Laurent hasn't decided what to charge for "Le Summer Smoking"; shirt though is $24. . . . Below: ***Mireille makes like leaping lizards*** in Saint Laurent's pumpkin-yellow poplin middy. About $33. . . . Right: The great, grand fly-through-the-air, in ***Saint Laurent's Wheee! School's out! costume***—red and white striped cotton voile shirt partly plastered by a silk tie striped salmon pink, purple, grass green. With it goes a brass-buttoned, brass-buckle-belted wool kilt all crisscrossed in same colours. Altogether $69. . . . Saint Laurent's Rive Gauche boutique, 21 rue de Tournon.







DE ROSNAY





More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

Nairobi: This is the way we go to safari.



Well not really. But Minnie Cushing's great big grin from the top of the truck certainly beats the usual send-back-to-the-folks-at-home photo of life on the big game circuit—and of that one-boot-on-the-fallen-head-of-the-once-gorgeous-beast business . . . and on Minnie even the great big fun boots look good.

London: Not for big-bodied movie goddesses

but perfect for Bitty-sized Biba girls—the lingerie at Biba's boutique; the most delicious tatty stuff—little wisps of bras of lacquery yellow stretch lace . . . Some have step-ins to match and you dive into the cartons on the counter, bargain-basement style, to find the mates. Prices around $1 for a bra to $2 for a set. Biba Boutique, 19-21 Kensington Church St.

New York: Follow the flip of the hip.

Follow it if it's ringed around, like the rest of a long limber boutique bunny, in an azure-blue, sunset-pink, moon-yellow, striped leotard, right ($15, to order at Capezio —61st Street store) and especially if the stripes are circled with a sandy-beige hand-crocheted spider web of a mini flipping like all get-out, right and below. $30 at Robert Leader boutique, 146 East 54th Street, and snap to it if the hip is rimmed with a real wrap of a wide, saddle-leather, "I mean business" belt, worn as low down as a cowboy's, left, $30, Lederer, 711 Fifth Avenue. Above the belt—creamy wool, neat-sleeved, nicely ribbed, long-lined poor boy. $11, Allen and Cole, 150 East 54th Street. Below the belt—the fleet pleats of a mini-kilt. $16. Paraphernalia, 795 Madison Avenue. . . .





JACK ROBINSON



China

(Continued from page 144)

to drink while the Chinese explained what we were to see and, for forty minutes, read us *Thoughts of Mao*. It seemed funny at first.

After one of these tea sessions we toured a working-class district of Shanghai, the section where once the rickshaw drivers and rag-and-bone pickers lived. Although the buildings we saw had just been built, they had neither heat nor gas. In each cramped apartment there was running water only in the single tiny bathroom—which had neither bath nor shower—and, for cooking, a little charcoal stove large enough for only two saucepans. The inhabitants had almost no furniture but a table and bedsteads whacked up out of boards. This we were told was the best housing development in the city.

At the Museum of Shanghai, opened especially for us, the curator was an absolutely charming man, very, very polite. He seemed to be of the old régime. I asked myself how long he would last. Officials throughout were very polite, but we felt controlled all the time. When we bought things, our guides came to see how much we paid.

The Museum of Shanghai had, above all else, staggeringly beautiful bronzes. The greater part of the porcelains and many other things we saw were copies of objects now in Formosa, but many beautiful ancient things, including remarkable jade pieces, remained, and the bronzes were the most beautiful imaginable—worth the trip. We went to the museum, which had been closed since the cultural revolution, very early in the morning and almost sneaked in. It was the only museum we entered during our entire trip. All were guarded and closed.

Hangchow gave us our first sight of a city that looked as we thought a Chinese city should, with a superb view, fresh air, and the first Chinese roofshapes we had seen. In this city of lakes grew the most beautiful willows in the world. Chinese willows bend over the lakes in a way European willows never do. From our hotel in Hangchow, the only clean and agreeable hotel, except for the one in Canton, we found in China, we overlooked a lake with the kind of view one sees in Chinese paintings. A dream.

At Hangchow, too, we saw a Chinese house exactly as it must have been before the revolution. Its beauty bowled us over. With furniture carved with the kind of details that inspired Chippendale, the house followed the typical Chinese plan: first, a reception room, then a courtyard, then a succession of gardens. The house stood on an old farm which had become a tea cooperative and was run by charming people. We felt the effects of the revolution less here than in Shanghai, perhaps just because it was the country, and everyone seemed to breathe more easily.

The marvellous gardens of Hangchow had equally marvellous names. "The Island in the Island" and "The Lake in the Lake" had extraordinary bridges with nine zigzag turnings. In "The Park of the Contemplation of the Goldfish," which was built by a mandarin, the fish took three or four hundred years of breeding to achieve their special effects: Some had twenty fins; some were half red, half white; some, spotted; some, striped. Fantastic—they moved like flowers, and they could cost as much as diamonds. Wealthy Chinese once gave them to women they loved.

Ancient China had other useless refinements. Stones in the gardens came from a special place and were thrown into "The Lake of the West," where the current was particularly strong, or into certain other propitious lakes and left for two hundred years. These stones, carved by the water into abstract shapes, served as sculpture, and could be worth as much as a Picasso is worth today.

We debated throughout our trip: Some of us were for Chinese gardens, some for Japanese.

(Continued on page 192)

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China

(Continued from page 191)

I preferred the Chinese. More intellectual than the Japanese, the Chinese garden is done with such subtlety it seems only beautiful, not intellectual. Like an immense abstract painting it apparently follows no plan—but it does. Each tree, each stone represents something, but all are assembled to give the impression of growing that way. A Japanese garden may be beautiful, but the plan of man shows through.

The older the Chinese garden, the more beautiful, with an air of mystery, of calm, of contemplation. As time passed, the gardens became decadent: too much of everything, too many stones. Baroque gone mad.

In the hills near Hangchow, I suddenly understood why Chinese scroll paintings were made as they were. Never hung, these paintings were rolled from one rod to another, showing only about fifty centimetres at any time, as if they showed a passing scene. As we climbed a hill to see a pagoda (a horror of nineteenth-century reconstruction) and went down the other side, I felt exactly as if a Chinese parchment were being unrolled in front of my eyes, with different views, quite unrelated, at every turn of the path.

On the way back from this ravishing promenade, we passed through a traditional village, a kind of suburb. The houses had no windows, for everything went on in courtyards closed off from the outside. We caught glimpses of slums within and occasionally the sight of a marvellous table or chair to suggest that once the people had better things. Whenever we went into houses, we would bow, and the inhabitants would applaud us, and we them, before they showed us how they lived. Everywhere people applauded. It drove us crazy.

Hangchow had beautiful gardens, but Soochow was the city of gardens. Here, where the rich people of Shanghai once had summer houses, we saw a dream of a garden, called "Wang Che Yuan," from the Ming Dynasty. As always, a series of pavilions were separated by gardens. These had fascinating pavements made of pieces of tile and small stones set in curious ways to make geometrical designs as beautiful as the parquet floors at Versailles, or patterns of swans or dragons. Beautiful here, but when these patterned pavings were overdone, as in Peking, they became maddening.

In garden pavilions windows served as paintings. The shape of the window, its frame, the furniture under it, all were part of a plan. At Wang Che Yuan, a superb octagonal rosewood Ming table stood under a fretted window with a moucharaby of rice paper framing a dwarf tree, a plum tree, and a bamboo.

Everything seen through these windows was calculated to be at eye level: miniature trees, rocks like sculpture, trees with weeping branches. The pavilions' columns, of lacquered or highly polished wood, were carved, not at the top but at eye level.

Among the constant delights of Chinese gardens: The bridges made of planks or slabs of stones cut and laid out like parquet; the use of flowers as spurts of colour against greens; the way of planting bamboos separately like trees in the Bois de Boulogne rather than clustered in jets as in India or Brazil.

The Chinese arranged their gardens around green plants, bushes, and trees. They rarely planted flowers in beds, but used them in pots which were changed like vases in a house. Thus the flowers were always fresh. Flowers gave surprise. A pot of flowers tucked in a hole in a rock would suddenly catch our eyes. We would turn a corner and the blaze of a clump of flowers would jump out like a rabbit.

Flowers, particularly the chrysanthemums, were trained in fascinating ways. The Chinese attached the stems to supple pieces of bamboo and bent them into new forms, so that in a pot at eye level the flowers were forced to fall like a waterfall or a veil. Daisies, daffodils, all sorts of flowers I knew were given forms I had never seen before.

In another extraordinarily beautiful Soochow garden, Lieou, "The Garden to Linger On," the second storeys of all its pavilions were made of white mother-of-pearl set in wood and sparkling in the sun.

The exact construction of the gardens of mandarin houses was very important, for each garden formed part of a total effect. To those of us unfamiliar with the old Chinese culture, the differences in purpose among the gardens were not obvious, although the gardens with the remarkable water-worn stones stood out as the most dramatic. These were gardens for the contemplation of stones by moonlight. The Chinese believed that the mountain was the refuge of the future where the soul might wander. As they contemplated, their souls walked on the stones and rested in the holes. After a garden for moonlight might follow a garden for looking at scroll paintings, another garden for philosophy, and another for the works of Confucius.

According to their rank, people entered these gardens through gates of different heights. For those of first rank the gates were opened completely. For those of second rank, the gates were partially opened, and they had to jump over the rest. Those of no social position climbed, humiliatingly, over the gate. Beyond the gate was a reception room to which women never came.

Some gardens had galleries with windows shaped like chrysanthemums or doors shaped like apples or pears. One gallery might have windows cut out like all the fruits of the world; another, windows cut like all the flowers. These galleries connected numerous buildings. At Lieou, one garden still held a kiosk shaped like a fan, with furniture carved like a fan, and a roof like a fan. The placement of all these buildings was important, for they existed for their views.

We returned to Wang Che Yuan one evening to see the moon. In the succession of gardens and pavilions there was always a garden called the forest (usually bamboo), a garden with flowers, a garden for miniature trees, and, always, water . . . in this case, an immense lake with distant rocks, and every-

thing organized for the moon. Wherever we sat we could see it. I shall never forget that night. We separated and sat alone until after midnight, without wanting to move or talk, just looking, lost in wonder.

The trip from Soochow to Nanking was a nightmare. As everything for foreign tourists was the best in China, up to this point our trains and busses had been comfortable, but there had been a slip. Our special train had not arrived, so we took the Chinese train. Thirty per cent of all transportation was saved for the Red Guard, and the Chinese were packed in, among their drying laundry, like the refugees in the film *Doctor Zhivago*. Trains had three classes, surprising in a Communist country: the first, for officials; the second, with six entirely open berths facing each other in a compartment; and third—I'd rather not speak about third.

In Nanking we saw a movie on the Chinese-Japanese war. Terrible. It was really a film on the Chinese technique of war, and seemed hardly tactful in a theatre filled with Japanese. Buying, selling, making business deals, Japanese were everywhere in China. They had every privilege and were treated like kings.

We lunched at an agricultural commune where the methods of cultivation were, again, mediaeval. Twelve to fourteen women hitched to a plow. In other places we had seen women pulling strings of barges on the Grand Canal and standing all day in swamp-like waters to pick water chestnuts. The filth was impossible to believe—and the smell.

The peasants, who earned 350 yen ($175) a year, lunched in the fields to save time and paid six yen a month to the communal kitchens. These kitchens had no running water, although the commune had just been built. In spite of all this, we had a delicious luncheon there with at least twenty-five dishes.

On the way back from the commune, we were allowed to see some ancient graveyards. (The Chinese forever made us see something they wanted us to see, such as the commune, before they let us see what we wanted to, such as the graveyards.) When we reached this graveyard, we found the three most beautiful sculptures we saw in China: Three fourth-century lions that loomed, lost, in the rice fields. Once part of a funeral alley, the lions seemed to have a definite Hellenistic feeling and were far more magnificent than the run of funeral figures, which were large and amusing but poor as sculpture.

Apparently in very old times Chinese emperors took everyone, willing or not, with them to the grave—wives, friends, cats, and dogs. Later, sculptures placed inside or outside the tombs were substituted. The tombs were hidden, so that while funeral alleys have been found, tombs, especially Imperial tombs are very rare.

We met with the Red Guards one night in Nanking, apparently because we kept asking why we could not see temples and museums. I think the main purpose of the meeting was to explain that nothing had been destroyed by the Red Guards. They were upset at being considered vandals. . . . Yet all the museums were closed and encircled by Red Guards. At The Fountain of the Tiger, a former Buddhist monastery in Hangchow, all the decorations above the doors and all the heads of Buddha had been destroyed by the Red Guards. Again, at The Spirits' Refuge, a Buddhist temple and garden carved, like the Indian Caves of Ajanta, with thousands of heads of Buddha, all the lions were broken, with their heads cut off. (Lions, a symbol of power before the Revolution, were regularly smashed. I photographed many with their heads cut off in front of old houses.)

The actual temple of The Spirits' Refuge was closed with fifteen keys, "for the protection of the works of art," and there the Red Guards looked at us with a certain hatred. Usually they were nice to us. We saw a great deal of them, for they were always warned in advance of our plans, so that we arrived and left cities between ranks of Red Guards applauding and repeating the words of Mao.

It was in Hangchow at The Spirits' Refuge that we had first noticed hostility and a new kind of poster: These, asking the people to be calm and respect orders, were spread over the heads of the stone Buddhas to protect them . . . but damage was great, and recent. In Hangchow, too, the tomb of General Yue Fei was completely destroyed—rather mysteriously, for this general had defended the peasants.

In any case, some Red Guards met with us in Nanking to explain, among other things, this destruction—or to deny it. We were separated into groups of four Europeans to four Chinese, plus a translator. The leader of our four Red Guards was a medical student. The other three—a worker, a boy studying railroads, and a girl studying to work in an airplane factory—trembled in fear of the medical student, their chief. (Everyone seemed afraid in China. If we asked a question of one of our guides, he would look at the other guides as if he knew he was watched and did not want to take the initiative.)

To be a Red Guard, they explained, one had to be a student. Children of martyrs who died or were maimed in the Revolution, or of a Communist Party member, or of a very poor peasant were most eligible to join the Red Guard. If the government had given the people nothing else, it seemed to have given them pride in poverty. A Guard would announce that he was the son of a very poor peasant as if this were an imposing title.

The medical student who led our group of four Red Guards was not supposed to speak a word of French or English, but if he was unsatisfied with what our translator said, he launched into quite good English to explain what he meant. He asked me if it were true that Western papers had reported that the Red Guards had destroyed works of art. I answered yes, and that the newspapers say this was the reason museums and temples were closed. He explained that all things representing the past must go because the bourgeoisie used them to fool the people. I asked if the Rock of the Thousand Buddhas must go. He

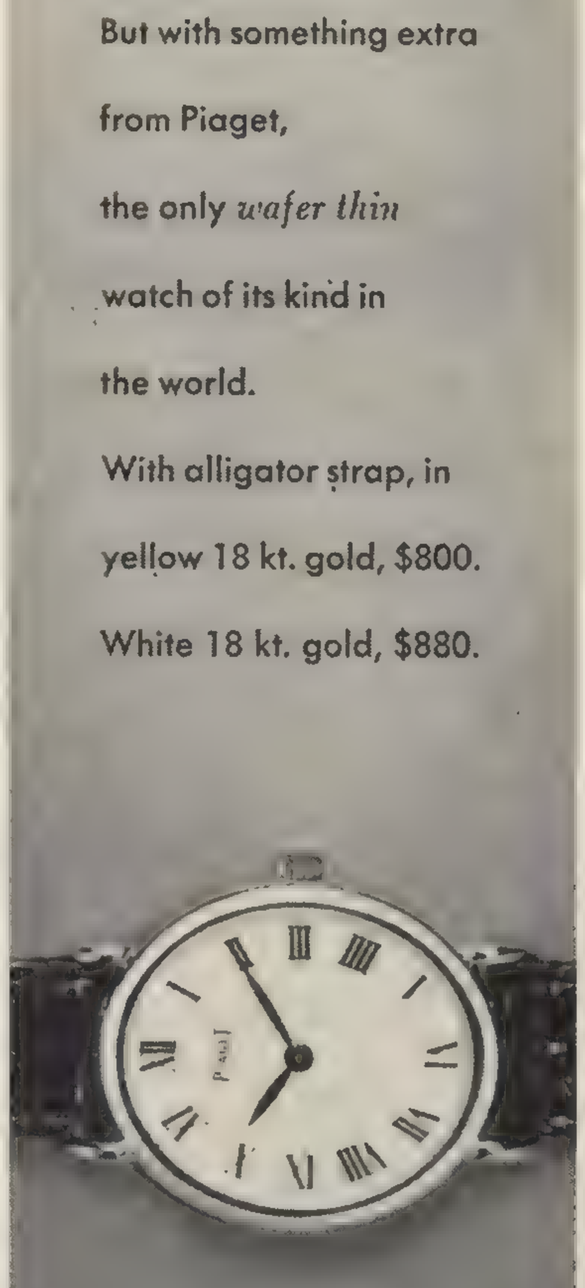
(Continued on page 195)

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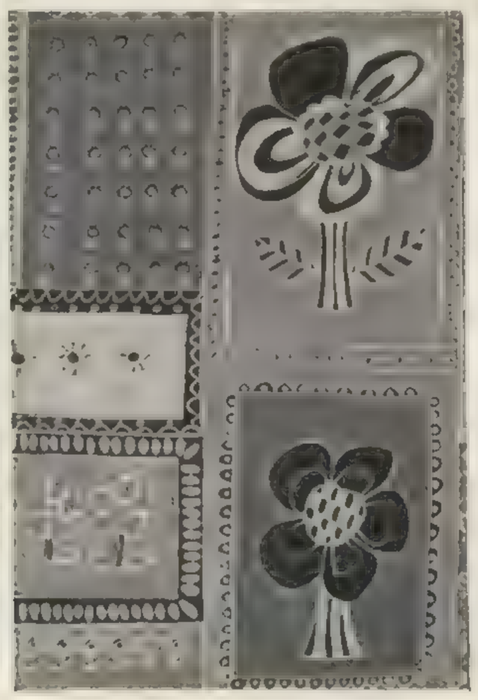
FASHIONS IN LIVING



The first American designs of Annie Chazottes

Young French artist Annie Chazottes, already well known at twenty-seven for the extraordinary charm of her fabric and wallpaper designs, looks not a minute older than her elfin daughter, Anne, shown painting, *below*. Passionately fond of the flowers and animals on her farm in Burgundy, Annie paints them in fairy tale scenes in brilliant dream colours as though for Anne, creates a fantasy world for everyone's delight. Last year Annie and her husband, the painter Yvan Chazottes, came to America for the first time, loved it, and left, like coins in the fountain, some designs to be printed for Woodson Wallpapers. Shown, *here,* two of those prints. *Left:* A luncheon table, designed by Van Day Truex for Tiffany, uses "L'Oiseau" for cloth and napkins. Birds and flowers scatter in overscaled profusion on white chintz, combining red, pink, green; or pale violet, blue, green; or greens and yellows. $12.75 yd., 50″ wide. Matching wallpaper, $15 a roll. Woodson Wallpapers. White Wedgwood plates, "Traditional," from Tiffany, 727 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10022. *Near left:* "Patchwork," on Belgian cotton, in pink, blue, lime, yellow, violet; or beige, green, yellow, orange, on white. $15 yd., 50″ wide. Matching wallpaper, $15 roll. All at Woodson Wallpapers, 979 Third Ave., N. Y. 10022.



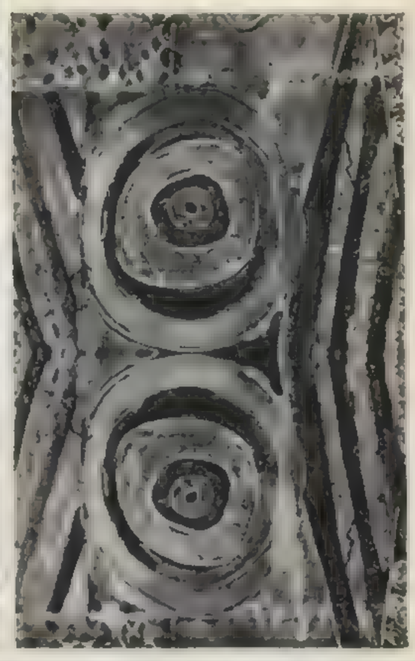


DAVID MASSEY

Country French . . . The first Annie Chazottes designs for Hallmark.

Hallmark, learning of Annie Chazottes through Vogue, brought her to America to design a collection of notepapers, wrapping papers, gift cards, bridge accessories. *Here,* a few of them, available wherever Hallmark cards are sold. *Near right:* Folded note sheets. 10 to a box, with envelopes, $1. #100BM334. 48 single sheets, 24 lined envelopes, $2.50. *Far right:* Wrapping paper in browns and orange; purple, green, brown. 50c for two sheets. Gift enclosure cards, 10c ea., #10GE123. *Near right:* Wrapping paper landscapes. 35c for two sheets. #35EW33. *Far right:* A happy hen in a flowering basket, purple, hot pink, chrome yellow, is a folded note sheet. Box of 10, $1. #100BM1314.









The shiny vinyl rug idea by Betty Thomson.

Young New York designer Betty Thomson has more fun with vinyl than a rabbit has with a lettuce leaf, finds it vervy. For example, her two washable vinyl rugs shown here. *Left:* Four-ft.-square rug of sewn vinyl strips, in red, black, white. $60. *Lower left:* Black, orange, clear vinyl "RUG." 7′ x 7′, $90. Both to order any size or colour. Betty Thomson, Puzzzles, 322 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10001.





China

(Continued from page 193)

seemed vexed and said no, that they would destroy Buddhas, but not those which were works of art. I asked who decided. . . . Once again, I hit a wall. In China we never got a straight answer to any question.

In Chenchow, where we went by train from Nanking, things began to go badly. The guides became difficult, everything became complicated, and we almost rioted because the bathrooms were so bad. Here, we went to see the Yellow River. China's sky was an endless, intense blue. The light strong, clear, direct. The air in China must be like the air everywhere more than a hundred years ago.

Wild ducks on the Yellow River were possibly the only birds we saw in all China. Birds had been exterminated to protect the crops. As for cats and dogs, we saw no more than two or three. On the way to the Yellow River we passed a fantastic irrigation system—from the fifth or sixth century. The Communists were doing an enormous job in recovering the land. China seemed to be one vast tree nursery; millions of trees, and all kept like Versailles under Louis XIV. The miles and miles of nurseries continually impressed us. The trees were watered by hand, and we would see fifty or sixty women at a time sitting on the ground weeding. From time to time we saw, in the middle of a field, a red flag meaning that eight- or nine-year-old volunteers had come to work after school. For this they received medals.

The good manners of Chinese children had impressed me, but when we visited a kindergarten in Chenchow, we understood that Chinese children were really hundreds of years old. This semi-boarding school was for children from three to seven years old. From Monday morning to Saturday afternoon, they were fed, taught, given medical attention, and beds. In the one large bathroom six-foot-long tubs held five children at a time for the weekly bath. Meat was served three or four times a week. The children's parents provided mattresses, bedclothes, and clothes and paid 13.5 yen ($6.75) a month: A steep price for peasants—the children here were mostly those of officials.

At this school the students learned music, drawing, dancing, the works of Mao, and the principles of warfare. In the first classroom, we saw a three-year-old monster with the soul of an old man singing of the sufferings of Negroes in America, and of the idiocy of Americans whom the Chinese would kill with guns in Viet Nam. At three years old!

The children's games were equally terrifying. Their slides, for example. They took the slide by force as if in an attack, and came down brandishing knives to hurl themselves on straw dolls with heads made to look like Lyndon Johnson or American soldiers. The children slashed the effigies apart with hatred while teachers stood there timing them.

Other games included competitions to see who could kill the most American Imperialists. The children, dressed in camouflage uniforms like guerillas, learned to cross suspension bridges, to throw grenades, to climb mountains of stones, and how to fire on enemy airplanes. And all the time the teachers timed them.

At the age of six they started to learn to read simplified characters, and endlessly read the *Thoughts of Mao*. They sat in circles discussing ideas they couldn't possibly have understood—imperialism, capitalism, slavery—repeating that they must fight, must kill.

In Loyang, between temples and tombs, we visited a famous tractor factory, part of the Great Leap Forward. Once again we had the round table, the tea, the lecture. It amused us to see ourselves, among us some of the most pampered people in the world, solemnly taking notes while the Communists criticized the life we all led. Next they told us about a press the Russians had installed in this factory but had never taught the Chinese how to run. They spent a whole year taking it apart and putting

(Continued on page 196)



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China

(Continued from page 195)

it back together until they found out what made it work. Then they took us to see the press—and it didn't work. For an hour and a half we stood in intense heat until they had it fixed. We lunched in the factory canteen. If their meals were always like ours that day, the workers ate very well.

Visitors to China when we were there were offered three categories of tours: one, for guests of the government; second, de luxe; third, tourist. Our tour was presumably de luxe, but our hotel in Peking, where we arrived after a long filthy train ride, was hardly de luxe. Beds *à la Chinoise*—top sheet supposedly clean, bottom sheet definitely dirty. We had reached such a pitch of despair, we didn't care. In stockings, pyjamas, and dressing gown, plus sweaters, and with another sweater pulled over the pillow, I got into bed because it was cold. (When we complained about the cold, the management brought tape and stuck it around the windows.) The hygienic conditions and stench of all Peking, in fact, were dreadful.

In the famous, much-photographed place before the first section of the Forbidden City, we were encircled by masses of adults and children who seemed to have nothing to do. The crowds everywhere, in the streets, in the Hangchow gardens, bewildered us. In a country of seven hundred million, five hundred million seemed to work without stop, and the rest simply milled in the streets and parks. Here, in Peking, they crowded in on us, touching us. We were not frightened, but uneasy. If anything had set the mob off, we might have been trampled to death.

The first summer garden ever made in China, Peihai Park, had been renamed "The Park of the Worker, the Soldier, and the Peasant." Here, a beautiful temple remained, but the rest of the park had become horrible living quarters for the Red Guards. From this park we were taken to see the Museum of the Army and the Revolution. Saved for the last exhibit were three U-2 planes of the U.S.A. that had been shot down. Crowds to see these planes began to queue up at four in the morning.

The Summer Palace had marvellous roofs with imperial-yellow tiles and enormous vases in yellow and blue. Magnificent. But it is an architecture that must be seen from above. Although the artificial lake with its bridges was wonderful, too, on the whole we found Peking's historical monuments ugly.

Two exceptions: the pretty Pagoda of the Perfumed Hill, which had been badly damaged, and the Temple of the Blue Clouds. One of the most beautiful we saw in all China, this temple had definite Tibetan influence. Two lovely little wooden pagodas stood to the right and left of the entrance. In one great pavilion were immense bells, and out of great walls grew great trees, their trunks twisted into extraordinary natural sculptures, like ribbons spiralled around columns.

At last, the Great Wall! Worth any trouble, worth everything. The sweep of it, pouring like a huge river, built in an extraordinary colour of grey-maroon stone. Such a sense of beauty! It must have been created as a work of art as well as for defense. We stopped at one of the Customs Gates dating from the Yüan dynasty. All the customs regulations were engraved on marble steles in six languages—very amusing.

With the crowds of people and the gigantic tree nurseries, the most impressive things in China were the Great Wall and the Great Canal. The Canal is an enormous Mississippi of water, built in the seventh century.

After the Great Wall we went to see the only Ming tomb ever discovered. Again, the funeral alley sculpture was not outstanding, but the imposing succession of figures of mandarins, ministers, soldiers, and Imperial columns, gave an impression of grandeur. The beautiful temple in front of the tomb was quite rare in that it was made not of wood but of stone . . . which perhaps explains why it still exists. The tomb itself, with its marble throne for the Emperor and Empress, its rare porcelains and jewels intact, was found quite by chance, deep under ground.

Two museums near the tomb displayed the jewels, the gold chopsticks, the golden rice bowls—pure Fabergé. There were ravishing yellow and black porcelains like none I had ever seen before, and belts of jade, and crowns of plumes. Even the surrounding countryside was lovely: An immense prairie with, from time to time, temples silhouetted against the horizon.

As some of us had become quite ill in Peking, with fevers we could not control, we complained until a doctor arrived, a marvellous man, speaking faultless English, which his accent suggested he had learned in America. He roared with laughter at all our antibiotics and said they would do no good. He gave us some mysterious Chinese medicine; within twenty-four hours we were back on our feet.

We asked to be taken a second time to see the Forbidden City from above, overlooking those marvellous roofs. We were led to a high place with, indeed, a staggering view, but with, too, an exhibition of atrocities and tortures that were supposed to have taken place under the old landlords. Lines and lines of Red Guards queued up for as long as twenty-four hours to get in. We were forced to see these monstrous waxworks and photomontages of the sacrifices and sufferings of the people. In fact, little seemed to have changed. Then, too, girls pulled plows. Only the landowner with his fan and melon hat has gone. The exhibition guides became hysterical, screaming and crying. Red Guards left in tears.

In view of what has happened since, it is hardly surprising that when we were in Peking the city was in a continual state of turmoil and excitement. Russia and China were then sending back each other's students. Red Guards demonstrated and screamed in front of the shuttered Russian Embassy. Posters proclaimed, "The American Imperialists and the Russian Revisionists tremble because we now have the atomic missile."

Our relief in reaching Canton is beyond description. Canton seemed totally different from the rest of China. In this arcaded city with its almost Mediterranean gaiety, we felt the influence of England and France. The people seemed less fanatic, the housing developments better, with lots of swimming pools and masses of flowers. There were banana trees and palm trees, and people ate well. The Cantonese struck me as being like southern Italians: in spite of the Red Guards everywhere, very happy, singing, devil-may-care. Even our guides were more amiable. (Our Peking guide was so odious we nicknamed her Lili the Panther.) They took us to different restaurants, including the marvellous Restaurant of the Goats, and for the first time in China allowed us to eat without listening to propaganda.

If one were forced to live in China, Canton would be the only bearable city. Looking back at it all—the hysteria, the meetings, the parades, the neon lights with the words of Mao—the trip seemed like a voyage to Alphaville. The plane ride from Peking to Canton summed a little of it up. At 4:30 in the morning we were wakened to board a Russian plane, an exact copy of an English Viscount, carrying Russian pilots to Canton to pick up Rumanian planes. When we tried to talk to the pilots, the stewardess dragged us back to our seats. We were all dying of fatigue and trying to sleep, when an extraordinary thing happened. The hostesses came through the plane and woke everyone up, giving us each a piece of printed paper. Then the hostesses stationed themselves at either end of the plane, and, one, two, three, they began to sing. Everyone in the plane sang "The Good Navigator." The Chinese wanted to force us to sing, too. When they finished, our group sang "Au Clair de la Lune."

Greece

(Continued from page 145)

extraordinary tales of the terrors he would behold. In a state of mingled exaltation and fear, the pilgrim was suddenly left alone to pray in silence. Finally, the great moment arrived. Priests returned to lead him on through the labyrinth and the gate to Hades. In the pilgrim's drugged mind, the twisted corridor represented the wanderings of the soul.

With a sense of drama equalling that of an ancient priestess, our guide pulled out a huge key, opened the small iron door and announced, "You are now entering Hades."

The entrance of Hades—a great, black gaping hole. Led by a boy holding a lighted candle, we descended into a vast, endless underground tunnel supported by fifteen beautifully constructed arches. It smelled dank. The tunnel ended abruptly at a wall of rock. There was no way out. No exit.

We surfaced the way we had come. In a corner of the large room where we found ourselves, were three steps which the suppliant climbed to address the departed souls. Priests answered from below, and water or oil boiled furiously in a huge bronze cauldron hidden beneath the stairs.

Dead souls could harm the living. They could also predict the future. For this reason, the ancients built several other centres—in Arcadia, Sicily, Corinth. The most celebrated centre, the Necromanteion, was mentioned by Homer in the *Odyssey*, by Pausanias and Lucian. Their descriptions tally exactly with this site.

Rickety iron stairs led us to the small Byzantine church of Aghios Ioannis Prodromos. Carefully preserved, simple and cool, with a few faded frescoes, the church seemed to belong there. It gave continuity and a blessing to this dreaded site.

Chattering village children trailed us to our taxis. I hope they didn't catch me furtively picking up a stone and throwing it over my shoulder. . . .



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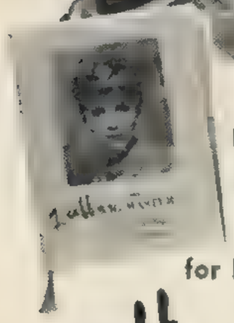
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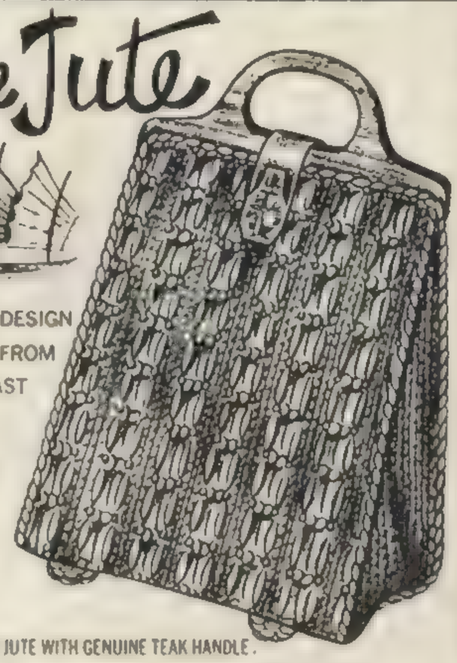
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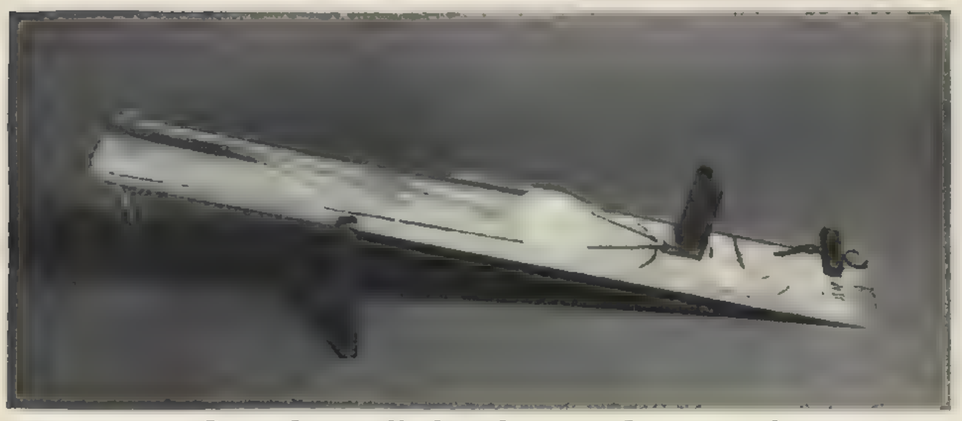
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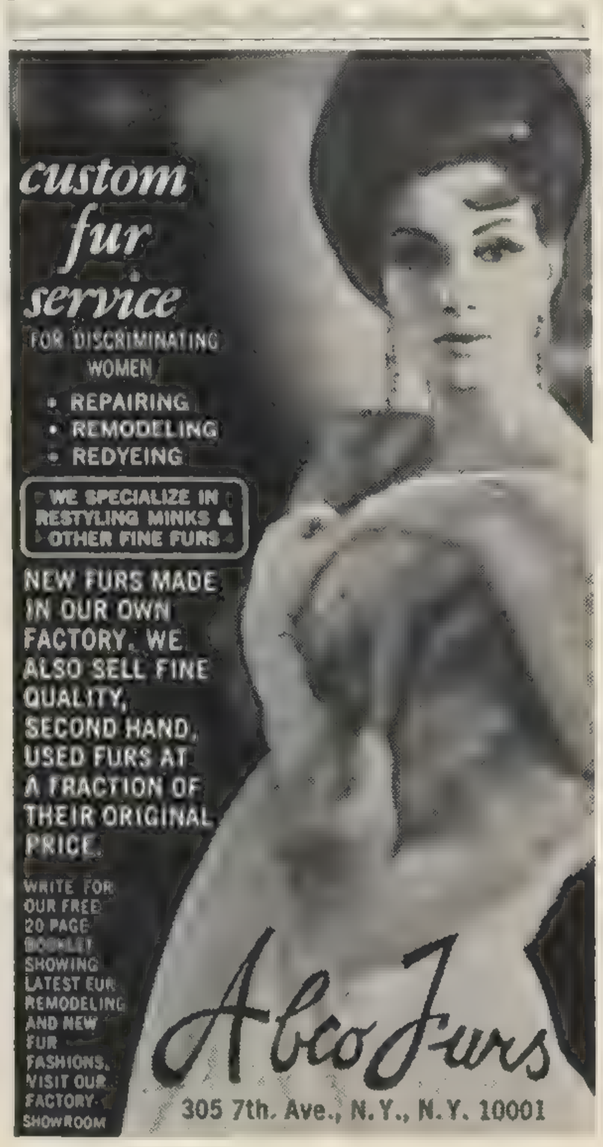
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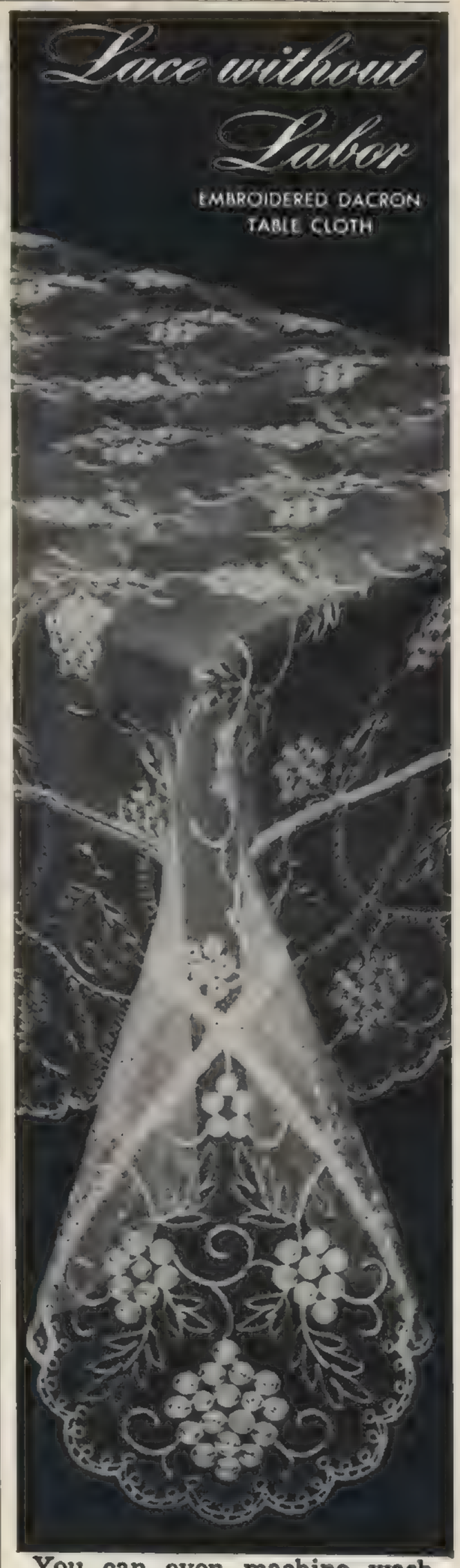
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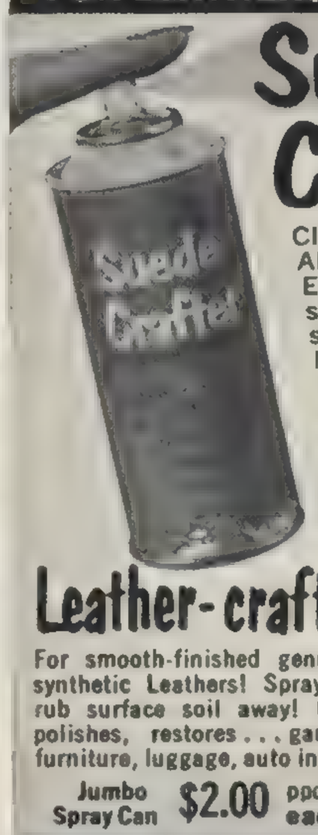
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Africa—safari

(Continued from page 147)

sand. I sneezed. The whole line winced, paused, continued. Then I tripped over a loud-mouthed branch and, head bent watching my feet in total confusion, I walked into the rifle butt ahead of me causing a freeway chain collision. The owner of the rifle butt got up, slowly turned, looked sympathetically at my huge feet and said, "*Could* you *lift* them?"

Lions are like taxis. Never there when you need them. It-is-so-hot. I began to whistle to take my mind off the sand. And the thorns. And the heat. And in whistling I forgot that you're supposed to be quiet while stalking a lion. Correction. Three lions. They are grunting somewhere in the distance.

We have been walking now for three hours. I am delirious. "This is not real," I told myself. I am not *really* stalking three lions in Africa, in heat, sand, and thorns.

Five hours . . . still walking . . . I am a prisoner of war. If I stop marching they will shoot me . . . or feed me to . . . the lions. That's the price of being a Christian. I am starting to walk like Walter Brennan. I am starting to *look* like Walter Brennan. Fruit. Water. Nedicks. Fresca. Scurvy . . . SCURVY! I am going to die of scurvy in the Kalahari Desert. I can see it in "Milestones": "Died. . . . 20, of scurvy. . . ."

Where is that lion? One rounded the corner. Bang. Bang. And there he was. There was this gold magnificence lying on the sand. His tongue limp in the dust. Blood tumbling from his mouth. Eyes blinking. Once. Then open. And still. Now. A neat decapitation. Crack. And a fine trophy for the study. South wall. Next to the stag's head. A half an hour later: The lion was gone and where he once was, maned, in gruff glory, now lay a headless, bleeding shape and four paws with claws withdrawn.

After that my enthusiasm was quickly quenched. I preferred to stay in camp. I found that seeing something die for the first time had made me, unwittingly, a devout conservationist.

After being an accomplice to my first murder, The Lion, I am convinced that safari is the most destructive and senseless of all status symbols. I can not understand or appreciate the masculinity synonymous with hunting. Hunting seems rather to emasculate. I find those men who dislike hunting and killing the more advanced, the more sensitive.

The second time I went to Africa was last December, to Uganda, Tanzania. I found myself glad to see it again. Still tragic in its helplessness, staggering in its strength and beauty. Always peaceful in its immensity.

Tanzania was the most beautiful country I'd yet seen in Africa. One of the world's superb sights is Tanzania's Ngorongoro Crater. It looks like The Creation on about the sixth day. Perched on its rim is a tree-house bar hanging over elephants who wonder what you're drinking up there.

Most of the time at Ngorongoro is spent trying to pronounce Ngorongoro. The rest is used descending by Jeep through orchid jungles into the bottom of the crater. From inside it is like the world's largest animal playpen. The walls grope slowly upward in smooth nude greens and beiges. Blotted by shadows of clouds in transit, the valley is a harmonious mixture of animals living in a Garden of Eden without a serpent. Punctuated by sprawling herds of gnus and zebras, with an imperative lion or two, declarative elephants, exclamatory hyenas and abbreviated wart hogs.

Uganda has a river (the Victoria Nile) well stocked with hippos, elephants, crocodiles, and flamingos—all stolen I'm sure from the jungle boat ride at Disneyland. It is fascinating to sail the Nile from a less commercial spot than Cairo, to see its evolution, be dampened by Murchison Falls. The country drips in greenery, is infested with elephants. And the African women wrapped with shrieking yellows, reds, blues, and screeching prints look as if they were dressed in Paris until you remember that now Paris dresses as they do.

Uzbek

(Continued from page 146)

beets, grown in irrigated fields along the edges of the desert.

At a collective cotton farm the manager tells us he received five hundred thousand rubles from the State last year for his crop. He and his top men had received three thousand rubles apiece, enough to buy a second-hand car.

In Tashkent the Russians have laid out their squares, raised cubist statues of Lenin, built their new Central Committee Building of steel beams and glass, the only monuments to survive the earthquake. The Soviet influence cuts deeply into this life.

* * *

We fly to Samarkand from Tashkent in only an hour. The airport lies out of town on the caravan trail between the great mountains and the desert, the old Genghis Khan crossroads that linked Mongolia, Afghanistan, and Iran.

We drive across the ruins of Aphrosiab, the site of the city destroyed by Alexander the Great in 329 B.C. Rebuilt and destroyed again by the Mongols in 1220 A.D., it is now a plain dotted with the humps of buried ruins. The sun is hotter here. Mountainous foothills guard this desert valley; telegraph poles act as a chain of sentinels for desert graveyards. I feel trapped in a last outpost of the world.

We first see Samarkand from a rise in the highway. The sunken city below us, a marshland of slate and mud roofs. Domed mosques, painted minarets—blue pins in the sky. A fragmented brown wall seems to guard an inner city, the Bibi-Khanum. Samarkand looks like a child's game of huge broken letters thrown across a city.

"Only the dome of heaven shall exceed the dome of my mosque, and only the milky way shall be more beautiful than my arches." Tamerlane wanted the finest mosque in Islam, so that his subjects would not have to make the long, dangerous, obligatory pilgrimage to Mecca. He also built the college of Bibi-Khanum in honour of one of his favourite wives, a Chinese princess of rare beauty.

The architects of Bibi-Khanum said that Tamerlane would need ninety-nine elephants to haul the marble. He wrote to the Indian princes for the elephants, but the princes refused. Tamerlane left to conquer north India and to install his son at Delhi. The elephants were brought, and the mosque, now badly damaged by earthquakes and Russian shellfire, was finished two years before Tamerlane died in 1405.

Tamerlane is buried in the Gur Amir mausoleum, a most splendid turquoise-domed mosque. In the chapel, with its alabaster walls intricately designed in gold on blue, lie two tombstones, one plain jade, one black. Under the chapel a cellar contains the actual graves: Tamerlane chose to be buried at the side of his teacher.

Begun in Tamerlane's time, the Rigistan is a most imposing monument: a large paved square, adjoined on three sides by madrasahs, Moslem colleges —Tilakari, Shirdar, and Ulugbek. The walls are a mass of blue, gold, pink, and green filigree work. Whole sections of ceramic tiles have fallen away leaving blotches of plaster, honey-brown to pink. At each corner of the square stands a slim minaret. On one of the classically simple portals, a scene has been restored: two yellow tigers, inset with Oriental faces, one black, the other white.

The most perishable part of Central Asia—its markets—will soon disappear. The stacked triangles of red tomatoes on the table stalls, the baked bread shaped like flying saucers. Snuff vendors calling their wares, sitting cross-legged on the baked mud. In the background, like a poster for the circus, a pastel-painted shed with pale paintings of Uzbeks holding up watermelons and standing in fields of melons.

But the inevitable future is shaping. Schoolyards are full of fierce little Uzbeks chanting out slogans of the Soviet system, the need for production, the joy of the machine. Nothing sleeps for long.

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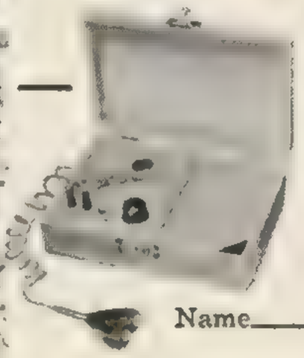
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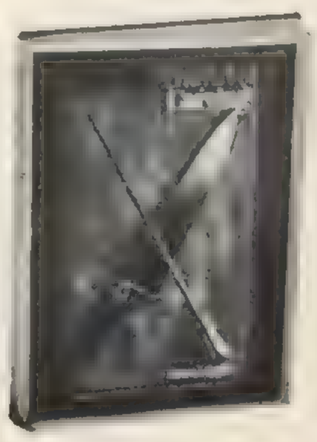
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Mexico

(Continued from page 145)

hotel in Chichén Itzá, exhausted.

Our first look at Chichén Itzá was by the soft light of a full moon. Great beauty. Chichén is stone-coloured, powerful and impressive. In this great Mayan city with a strong Toltec influence, El Castillo, a great pyramid dedicated to the plumed serpent, has an enchanting feathered serpent for a ramp.

The Temple of the Warriors stands surrounded by columns; some round, Mayan; some square, their sides carved with Toltec warriors. The Toltec Platform of the Jaguars and Eagles is exquisitely carved. Each jaguar and eagle holds a human heart in its paws or claws. The jaguars especially are realistic, supple and full of movement.

We stopped briefly at Mérida, once a great colonial city but now faded as are its colours, but not its charm. Its gaiety was communicative, and, feeling happy, we ate peanuts and chocolate bars as we walked through the zoo.

Later that night we arrived at Uxmal and stayed at the attractive Hacienda Uxmal which really looked like an attractive hacienda. Following the example of Emilio Pucci, we lived on papaya and pineapple.

The next day was one of the most memorable days of my life. We left around ten in the morning for Kabah, a quiet city in ruins. Its palace with all the stylized masks of Chac, the rain god, was a harmony of stone blocks and little columns. Emilio said that the square-shaped eyes, characteristic of Chac, would be a good shape for sunglass frames.

The beauty of Uxmal charmed us even more than that of Chichén Itzá. They told us the legend about the witch and her dwarf son who supposedly built the Pyramid of the Magician overnight. It is a superb pyramid with small steps, difficult to climb but worth the effort. The House of the Nuns, a quadrangle in ruins, had a stark beauty.

The House of the Turtle with a frieze of turtles had the classic simplicity of a small Greek temple. The turtle symbolized the importance of water, which Yucatán lacked then as it still does.

Two small planes, each with room for three passengers and a pilot, flew us from Villahermosa to Palenque, a thirty-minute flight. From the plane everything looked green, nothing in Mexico seemed as green. The earth bleeding in the jungle of Chiapas. Everywhere, water.

Palenque was the place I had liked the most on my trip in 1958—a pure Mayan city of the seventh century A.D. Our first view was disappointing. What used to be white and clean had turned black. In the middle of the jungle, Palenque had the darkness of an industrial city. The jungle, which grows one yard a month, had swallowed up two temples. Noble Palenque stood abandoned. White, wild horses galloped around. Orange blossoms smelled strongly. The cascade of the Bath of the Queen had the clear sound of crystal. A small green plant, sensitive, closed with the breeze. Parrots flew overhead.

Unlike most pyramids in Mexico, which are used only as ceremonial centres, Palenque's Temple of the Inscriptions was built around a tomb, as were the pyramids in Egypt. Here, were found the two stucco masks and jade ornaments which are now in the new Museum of Anthropology in Mexico City.

Picking bitter oranges off the trees, we lunched on sandwiches at the cottage of an archaeologist.

On our sixth and last day, very early in the morning on our way to the Mérida airport, we stopped at a section of the Villahermosa museum, actually a park on the fringe of town. There, the tropical setting gave an added vitality to the "enormous baby face" found at La Venta and to the Olmec tiger faces.

The stimulation of the sculpture gave me the energy to go, on my return to Mexico City that very same day, to the Museum of Anthropology. Entering the Mayan Room, I read above the door this Mayan poem by Chilam-Balam. Its translation is:

"Every moon, every year, every day, every wind comes and goes and all blood reaches its final resting place."

Garden of the Heart

(Continued from page 186)

Bismarck's house is still approached through two narrow stone gateways, past a stone sentry box and a pile of cannon balls, across a bridge above a moat. When Countess Bismarck, then Mrs. Harrison Williams, bought Fortino (or "little fort") in 1936, the grounds were a shambles and the house was a shack. . . .

Countess Bismarck enjoys—or suffers from—the reputation of being one of the most beautiful women of her time. She herself would probably prefer to be known, if she must be known, as a woman who is passionately fond of gardening. She fell in love with Fortino and spent years negotiating for its purchase, purely and simply because she recognized its potentialities as the site of the garden of her dreams.

Contrary to accepted belief, gardening on Capri is not easy. The rainfall is exceptionally low. However much rainwater Countess Bismarck may catch in the cisterns of Augustus, it can never be anything like enough for her minimum gardening needs. For years she had to have her own waterboat, plying regularly between the mainland and Marina Grande. Water for garden use is still an extravagance. And so, consequently, is grass.

Grass that is green all summer long is unheard of elsewhere on Capri. In such a climate, lawns are inordinately difficult to start. But Countess Bismarck, accustomed to gardening on Long Island, would hardly consider her garden to be a garden without them. Dearly as she loves her fellow Capresi, she is afraid they will never understand about grass. Unless they can be prevented, they will always cut it too short. It says much for her persistence that the lawns of Fortino today are perennially green, and smooth and soft as velvet. Not only in Capri but quite possibly in all of southern Italy they are unique.

One reason why Augustus chose the spot for his villa is that the soil was then highly fertile. By now, like all the soil of Capri, it is over-used. Countess Bismarck, having read somewhere that Japanese gardeners use seaweed as a fertilizer, has seaweed brought up from the beach after storms, dries it in heaps, and in winter has it dug into her flower beds. Her enterprise has been conspicuously rewarded. Her roses are among the biggest one has ever seen.

Good gardeners are another Capri rarity. Most of the able-bodied local men who don't happen to have vineyards of their own to cultivate prefer to earn their livings as fishermen or as boatmen for tourists. Countess Bismarck has had to scour the island for latent gardening talent. Ten years ago, her present head gardener, Pasquale, was a youthful ornament of the neighbouring beach. She trained him herself, working with him day after day in the garden. And she and he together have since trained a succession of his friends and relatives. Fortino now has five gardeners, and its owner considers herself singularly fortunate, even though she admits that she could do with seven at least.

Her gardeners must consider themselves equally fortunate. They live with their families in comfortable cottages on the property. They smile easily and often sing as they work. Once a year they and their wives are invited to a *festa*, against a background of shell screens, silver curtains, and Sert murals, in the largest room of the house.

Since stonework is as essential a part of a Capri garden as trees and flowers, the garden is often as full of masons as of gardeners. Countess Bismarck has scarcely stopped building since the day, thirty years back, when she began to rehabilitate—to be exact, to rebuild completely—her own low, rambling, pink and white house.

By this time, Countess Bismarck owns almost all of the land that formerly belonged to the Imperial villa. Each time she laboriously acquires another plot of the surrounding patchwork of peasant properties, she annexes the land to her garden and restores and remodels the existing buildings for her staff or her guests, painting the walls with the soft Neapolitan pink wash that she has used on her own house. The Capresi are accustomed to whitewash; not even Countess Bismarck can get them to mix the same shade of pink twice. But, the effect is enchanting: faintly haphazard, almost amateur, and utterly characteristic.

Fortino's rose garden has belonged to Countess Bismarck for only five years. It has been planted with roses for a little more than two, but already it is mellow and luxuriant. Most recently, with the aim of enlarging her garden still further—as it were, into the air, above the sea—she has had an astonishing series of immense stone walls built along the full length of the property on the shore side.

The walls were started two years ago and were still under construction last summer. Every stone had to be carried up from the beach by hand. Yet, seen from a boat approaching from Ischia or Naples, they mould the coastline like ancient, indigenous ramparts, without which the whole precipitous cliffside might have fallen long since into the sea.

The garden soil which they support had to be poured into place from the cliff top. But already it is quite thickly planted. The stonework brims over with multicoloured mesembryanthemum, white broom, white callas, oleanders, and clumps of marguerites that in Capri easily grow to the size of small trees.

Here and there, the walls are veiled with long hanging strands of *Vinca major* that sway like curtains in the breeze. There are chestnut trees from Paris among the native ilexes. There are even olive trees in the more sheltered corners—though the successful placing of each sapling has been a gardening tour de force. A difference of a few feet one way or the other can mean life or death for a young olive, transplanted to a northward-facing coastline, exposed to spray and wind.

More than most gardens, this garden is in a continuous state of expansion, development, and change. More than most gardeners, Countess Bismarck knows the delights and miseries of trial

(Continued on page 204)

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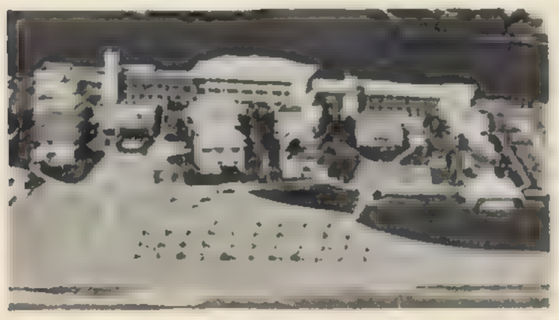
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Garden of the Heart

(Continued from page 203)

and error. She is always learning, mostly the hard way. But her horticultural daring is as unnerving as her native obstinacy is impressive; and one doubts if either will ever be tamed.

Perhaps her gardening method, or seeming lack of method, is best typified by her main flower garden, to the east, below the house. It is a labyrinth of small borders, irregularly shaped, spread over a variety of slopes and levels, linked by arbours and trellises, stone stairs and ramps, and ascending and descending stone-flagged paths.

Lovely as the rest of this island is, each time one enters Fortino's bottom garden-gate, in the wall of the *via antica* that threads through Palazzo a Mare's vineyards, one is conscious of walking into the quintessence and heart of its loveliness. The sudden concentration of colour and warmth, flower scent and bird song overwhelms the senses and swallows one up.

The eye is caught in a web of details as complex as the vegetation in the background of a Pre-Raphaelite painting. Tall plants rise out of creeping ground-covers. Spiked foliage emerges from the depth of massed petals, feather soft. Spider lilies and watsonias and strelitzias tower above pansies and primroses.

Pink japonica consorts with coral gaillardia, yellow primula, orange gazania and eschscholtzia, blue plumbago, mauve dwarf phlox and verbena, white *Magnolia grandiflora*, copper-leafed prunus and blue-green tamarisk. On an April day, in a border five yards long and two feet wide, twenty-seven different varieties of plants may be in bloom.

Yet for all its overflowing richness this flower garden—with hardly one perceptible pattern throughout its several acres—has an inherent lack of premeditation, an almost absurd innocence, that never ceases to delight and surprise. Just as the outline of Countess Bismarck's massive, maritime ramparts, seen from the side, unexpectedly

assumes the airy improbability of a Steinberg arabesque, so her landward borders, if one examines them closely, have the bemusing quality of a doodle: an inspired, three-dimensional doodle in flowers and leaves and soil and stone.

A newcomer, taking a path that looks as though it should lead him to the house above, can be sure of fetching up instead at an impasse. Retracing his steps, choosing another path and climbing two or three staircases, he may chance to walk through an open gate and confront a blue void of sea and sky.

Partly, of course, the explanation is that Countess Bismarck and her masons and gardeners, whenever in the course of adding to the garden they come upon live rock, simply pick up their tools and begin again somewhere else. But there is more to it than that.

Though the immediate surroundings of Countess Bismarck's house are impressive and resplendent, her garden is anything but a conventional, great Italian garden. For the most part, it is far more like a maze of marvellously healthy and variegated English cottage-gardens, the homely charm of which is only enhanced by the presence here and there in their midst of luxurious, southern details—a stone mask by Bernini, spewing water onto arums and water lilies; a broken caryatid from Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli, bearing a stone basket full of red roses in its upraised hands; banana trees, orange trees, and lemon trees among the herbaceous familiars.

If any gardener can be said to garden "by ear," it is Countess Bismarck. Her garden is like a brilliant impromptu, a virtuoso cadenza, that one hopes will never stop.

She can also be a highly practical horticulturist. Her stone paths and steps are full of dry wells. She grows an abundance of hydrangeas, principally because they are useful when there is "nothing else in the garden." She plants her most sun-drenched terrace with agave and aloe and yucca and cactus. She uses her grapes to make wine.

But there is no doubt that sentiment is Countess Bismarck's gardening guide, even more consistently than practicality or experience. One seriously wonders whether she gardens for her plants' sake or her own. She goes to endless trouble to find the right place for some specimen that she loves for its associations: a dogwood or a laurel from Long Island, an orange-scented jasmine from the wall of her former house at Palm Beach. Her garden is a garden of the heart, far more than of the head. . . .

Count and Countess Bismarck usually spend the autumn at their apartment in Paris. But Fortino is their headquarters from early spring until late September. Frequently they return there for Christmas, and stay on into January or February, which in Capri are the two best months for basic planting. Count Bismarck loves the place as much as his wife does. He is not only an authority on its history but a knowledgeable gardener himself, with an expert's memory for botanical names.

The owners of Fortino are memorably hospitable. For her guests, Countess Bismarck is the personification of disinterested kindness. Her willingness to listen is inexhaustible and artless. But if she is interrupted with a question while gardening, she sensibly goes on gardening as she answers.

No one could more perfectly epitomize the blend of self-sufficiency and genius for friendship that is the prerogative of those who are both fortunate and wise enough to spend their time planting trees, pruning shrubs, and growing flowers.

COUNTESS BISMARCK'S RECIPES

At Fortino the Bismarcks often have for luncheon or dinner variations of these two menus. (The wines are frequently those made at Fortino.) Usually they and their guests eat on the terrace at glass tables set with flowers at luncheon and with four-branch hurricane candlesticks at dinner. Menus and recipes for the starred dishes follow:

Luncheon

Timballo* or Gnocchi*
Mousse de jambon Périgourdine
Cheese and salad

Dinner

Vichyssoise or Gazpacho
Dentice Arrosto*
Cheese and salad
Gelato di Melone Rosso*

Gnocchi Alla Parmigiana

1 cup water
¼ lb. butter
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon salt
3 dashes Cayenne pepper
1 cup sifted flour
4 eggs
1¼ cups mixed Parmesan and Gruyère cheese (grated)
4 cups Béchamel sauce*
Butter for the casserole

In a large saucepan bring the water, butter, nutmeg, salt, and Cayenne pepper to a boil. When the butter is melted, dump in the flour all at once and, off the fire, work it vigorously with a wooden spoon until dough comes away from the sides of the pan and forms a ball. Replace on a low flame and keep stirring it for a minute or two. Remove from the fire and add the eggs one by one, beating hard with each egg until dough looks satiny and waxy. Have a shallow pan of simmering salted water ready. Fill a pastry bag with a plain large tube and squeeze out 1½ inch gnocchi into the water; nip off with a knife. This is really the quickest way. May be done with rounded teaspoons. Simmer gnocchi 5 minutes and remove with a slotted spoon. Do not do too many at once. Place a layer of gnocchi in a well-buttered casserole on a layer of Béchamel sauce. Sprinkle with cheese, pour sauce over and continue until filled, finishing with sauce. Sprinkle with cheese, dot with butter, and bake in a preheated 375° oven for 15-20 minutes. Serves six to eight.

**Béchamel Sauce*

6 tablespoons butter
6 tablespoons flour
3½ cups hot milk
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
Salt and Cayenne pepper

(Continued on page 211)



VOGUE'S SCHOOL & CAMP DIRECTORY

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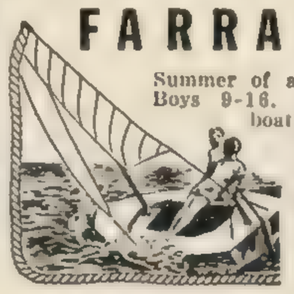


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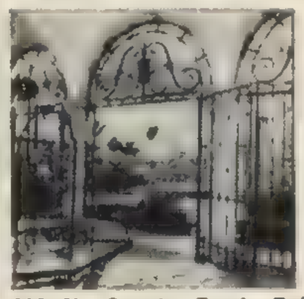
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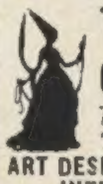
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Garden of the Heart

(Continued from page 205)

Melt the butter and cook the flour stirring until just barely golden. Add hot milk and stir just until thick and smooth (sauce will be cooked in oven). Add nutmeg and season to taste. Use salt lightly, as cheese added later is salty.

Timballo di Pasta all'Uovo e Prosciutto

Dough
4 cups sifted flour
5 eggs
1½ cups grated Parmesan cheese or more
1½ cups soft butter
1½ cups diced ham (Italian prosciutto if available)
Freshly ground pepper

Place the flour on a pastry board. Make a well in the flour. Put in eggs and work into a dough with the hands. Knead it until smooth. It should be stiff. Divide the dough into four and roll out each ball as thin as possible. Let it rest about 20 minutes. Trim and roll the dough and cut into strips ½ inch wide, then into squares. Let rest a while. Bring 4 quarts of salted water to a boil, put in the pasta, stir once, and boil 4 or 5 minutes. Drain. Reserve a tablespoonful of pasta. Mix remainder in a buttered casserole, with more butter, cheese, and ham, and freshly ground pepper. Put in a preheated 350° oven for 10 minutes. Sprinkle in the remaining pasta fried in a little butter. Serve with meat gravy. Serves eight.

Quick Meat Gravy

1 can brown gravy
1 cup beef broth
½ cup red wine
Bouquet garni:
Pinch thyme
4 peppercorns
½ piece bay leaf
1 small yellow onion, quartered, or 2 shallots
Sprig parsley
Salt and pepper
2 tablespoons butter

Bring all these ingredients, with exception of the butter, to a boil. Turn down the heat and simmer 15 minutes skimming the top. Strain. Swirl in the butter and serve.

Dentice Arrosto

5 lb. sea bass
1 small onion, chopped
½ teaspoon thyme
4 tablespoons chopped parsley
4 slices lemon
1 lemon, juice only
Flour for dredging
¼ lb. butter
Salt and pepper

Wipe the fish carefully. Place in a pan. Put onion, thyme, 1 tablespoon of the parsley, salt and pepper inside the fish, and lemon slices over it. Refrigerate 8 hours. Rinse off the fish and wipe dry. Leave wrapped to be sure it is dry. Season a little flour with salt and pepper. Roll fish in the flour, removing excess. Melt half the butter in oven pan. When slightly golden, fry fish in it 2 minutes on each side. Season with salt and pepper and put in a preheated 350° oven. Bake for 45 minutes, basting every 10 minutes with lemon juice and butter. Place fish on heated platter. Pour over it melted remaining butter mixed with parsley. Surround with lemon wedges and serve with plain boiled potatoes. Serves four to five.

Gelato di Melone Rosso

2 round watermelons
1¾ cups sugar per quart of pulp
3 lemons per quart of pulp
6 squares bitter chocolate

Remove the pulp from the melon carefully. Reserve one melon shell cut neatly close to the stem end, to reuse. Remove seeds and purée pulp. For each quart of pulp, add 1¾ cups sugar, the juice of 3 lemons, and a little grated lemon peel. Freeze in an ice-cream freezer. Or freeze in refrigerator tray, stirring occasionally; when mushy, whip, then return to tray. Melt chocolate over hot water. Make a paper cone. Pour in chocolate and squeeze out drops onto waxed paper. Cool.

At serving time place melon and chocolate "seeds" in melon shell in layers. Top with stem end. One quart serves eight.

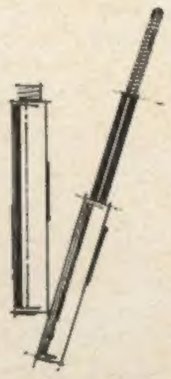


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I spa

(Continued from page 178)

they can't resist peeking out of the eye that's being made up), dip a Q-Tip in liquid foundation, and, with this, correct erratic spots by "over-painting" the faulty line. . . . If exercise fatigues you, and if there's no physiological reason why it should, try the same set of exercises, but concentrate on keeping your neck and shoulders relaxed throughout. Makes all the difference. Makes the exercises more effective, too. . . . If you think your face and neck are candidates for a facelift, but you're not wild to join those troops just yet, see what a daily facial treatment at the hands of a good salon facialist can do for you in a week. Both "texture" and the look of freshness can make a spectacular comeback. . . . If your wanes are prominent (wanes are what one of The Greenhouse's German masseuses calls the bluish nuisances featured unhappily by some legs), collect footstools, foot elevators, and keep them around wherever they're thinkable. "Not the most painful prescription I've ever been given," offered an attractive guest at the place. . . . If you're no more than in the first of your twenties, you may need a moisturizing night cream nonetheless (sere climates do odd things to skin at any age—how's *your* climate?). . . . If you're over seventy, you may be able to do the very same exercises practised to shape up a woman half your age. We *saw* this done at The Greenhouse; saw a seventy-two-year-old woman build both stamina and muscle tone. Of course, she had to be cleared by the doctor in charge, and so would you. But the fascinating thing is that muscle tone can respond to workout *throughout* life. . . . If, finally, you go to a spa, or put yourself on a spa régime at home with a fixed program of looks-improvement efforts, establish in your own mind your objectives in order of importance. Watch out for the dual objectives or the compound and sometimes incompatible objectives—some can not be made to work out well au pair. For example, it's unwise for a heavy smoker to use a spa-week to break her smoking habit and at the same time to try for a dramatic weight-loss. (Star one; make the other just so much gravy.) Same thing is true of physical rest and crash spot-reducing; the latter is heavy physical work—not restful. . . . And if you're haunted by the spectre of obesity, are you sure of your facts? Many women are convinced they need a weight-loss when what they need is concentrated exercise at the hands of specialists. Result of the confusion is they make themselves miserable with a genuine and quite unnecessary hunger, and lack the energy to work out their real problems in a spot-reducing gym. We witnessed this at The Greenhouse; saw women who begged to be dieted—when they could have enjoyed superb food *and*, at the same time, transformed their measurements successfully.

As for The Greenhouse: what makes it green? Three things. First, the planting—some 2,500 plants and trees, from fig to hibiscus to palm, furnish The Greenhouse's interior with an impervious and always perfect season. Second, paint—the landscaping for the building (an architecture described as Galveston-Victorian-Modern) calls for green grass grounds. Grass can be painted green if it has to be. Third, money. Unstinting amounts of same have gone into the building, planning, staffing of the place; everything is on the most generous scale imaginable. At no other spa we know of is there *daily* hour-long massage, *daily* hour-long facial; or, for that matter, daily hair-appointment, manicure, makeup instruction. For details of Greenhouse guest-life, and how one goes about enjoying same, see Beauty Checkout, page 20, this issue. . . .

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